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SYMPATHY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Nay, leave me to my own sad heart—
To memory's more than midnight shade;
I seem to-day to stand apart
From every thing that God has made.

I can not echo back your sighs,
Nor can your smiling overfall
That space so deep and wide that lies
'Twixt friends and lovers—that is all.

Forgive me if your kind advance
Of sympathy I thus dismiss;
That word has no significance—
No solace, in an hour like this.

The past with its tumultuous storms
Of sin and sorrow, wildly driven,
Has closed about me till my arms
Can reach no way but up toward Heaven.

And only Heaven the power can grant
To steady my weak soul, so long
Left turning like a water-plant
Betwixt the waves of right and wrong.

So leave me to myself, I pray,
Nor seek to give me sigh for sigh,
The sunshine can not warm to-day
The clouds that lower along my sky.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN COIL," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STROKE.

THE letter which old Richard Harley had received that morning when he talked with Tom Worth, the miner, in his rich library, was brief; but it was startling in import. It ran thus:

"DEAR MR. HARLEY:—I learn that you have sent for one Tom Worth, a miner. If you value your daughter's safety, and long for a retributive justice, when he comes, see to it that he does not leave your house before eleven o'clock. In one word, he is the villain, after all! I am myself from certain circumstances recently transpiring, satisfied that he planned the abduction of your sweet daughter.

"Again I beg you to keep him until eleven o'clock, when I will arrive, with officers.

"Truly and sympathizing yours,
FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE."

The reader will now, doubtless, understand the vengeful glance old Richard Harley had cast at his rough-looking visitor, and will likewise know why the ex-merchant consulted the clock-dial so nervously. For it must be remembered that the interview was at an end, and Tom Worth had risen for the third time to his feet, to go.

When the bell had sounded, and the hall was filled with a body of men, old Mr. Harley sprung to his feet, and facing Tom Worth, exclaimed, as he shook his finger menacingly in his hand:

"Wait, villain! you are wanted!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the miner, as a scowl passed over his face. He glanced around him. But he could say no more, nor take a step in any direction, even were he so inclined; for, at that moment, the door of the library was opened, and a squad of police-officers appeared. Among them, in the background, stood Fairleigh Somerville, his face showing a strange admixture of triumph and fear.

Tom Worth's face paled slightly at the sight of the officers, and a flash of appreciation—a right understanding of the situation of affairs, flitted like lightning over his face. Then there came a quick, angry writhing of that face. This, however, was transitory, and an iron-like composure succeeded it as his gaze sought Fairleigh Somerville's face.

"That is the man, there, my men," said that young gentleman, in a distinct, though rather nervous voice.

"You are my prisoner, Tom Worth!" said one of the officers, advancing at once toward the miner, and laying his hand heavily upon his shoulder. "Arrest you, in the name of the Commonwealth!"

"Arrest me! and for what?" demanded the miner, calmly, of the officer.

"For the abduction and forcible detention from her home, of Miss Grace Harley," was the prompt reply.

"And upon what grounds, sir? Who is my accuser?"

"On very suspicious grounds, which will be given in evidence, but which can not be detailed here. Mr. Fairleigh Somerville is your accuser," and the officer pointed to that individual, who seemed to be endeavoring to shrink away from sight.

The miner glanced at the man, and while a hot flush passed over his face, said:

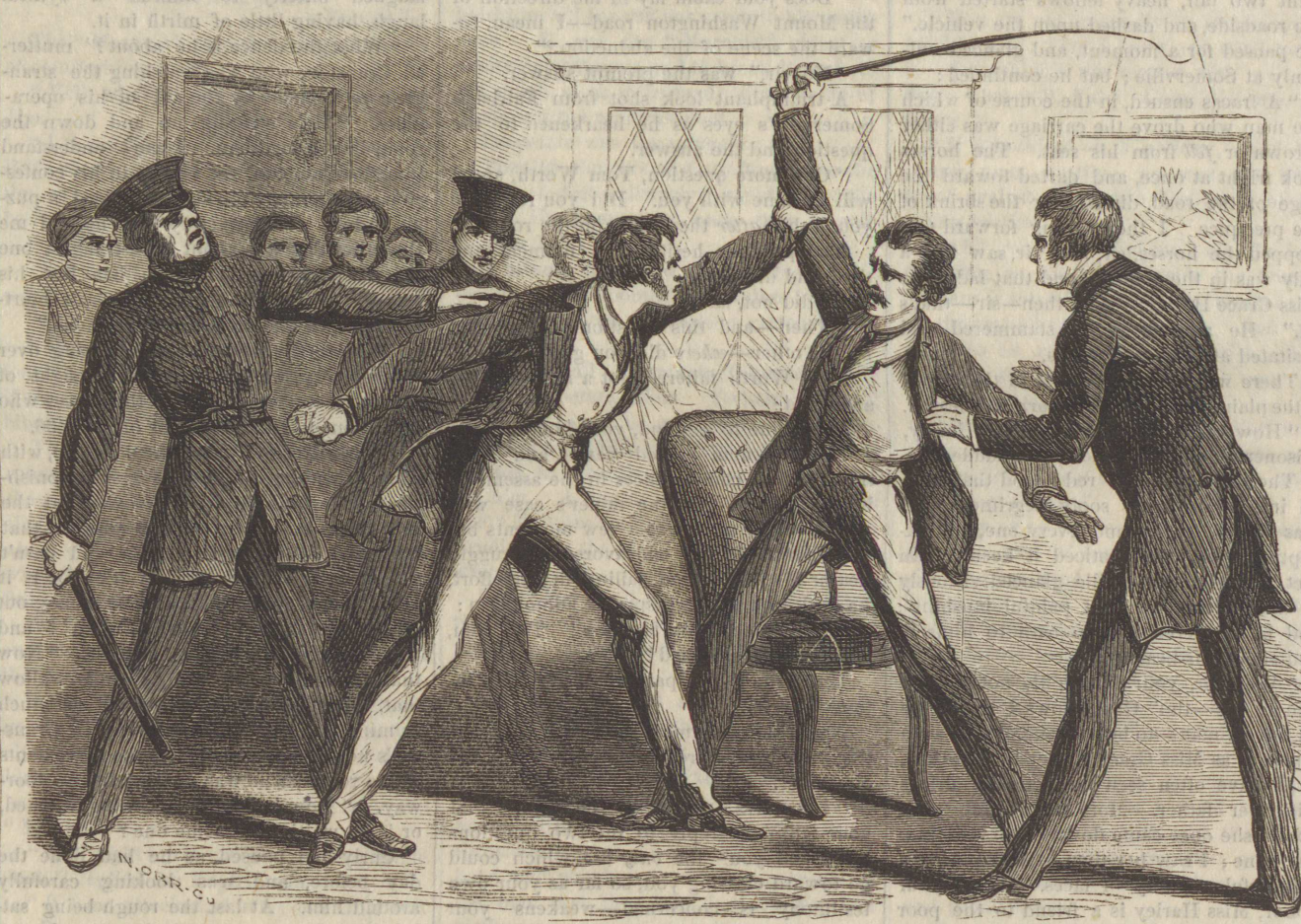
"Then Mr. Somerville is a coward and a falsifier, as well as a villain!"

Fairleigh Somerville, as his saturnine visage was suddenly distorted with anger, turned quickly, and striding toward the prisoner, raised a whip which he carried in his hand, threateningly over the other's shoulders.

Before the lash descended, however, Tom Worth, with the bound of a lion, sprung forward, snatching of the grasp of the officer. In an instant he had clutched the whip with his left hand, and drawing back his right, till the huge muscles of his arm swelled and struggled under his sleeve, he said:

"Dare lay the weight of your smallest fin-

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FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE TURNED, AND STRIDING TOWARD THE PRISONER, RAISED A WHIP.

ger upon me, you white-livered scoundrel, and I'll throttle you, in the very face of the law!"

Trembling in every limb, Somerville let go the whip, and retreated hastily behind the police sergeant, who had now stepped forward.

"Enough, enough of this, Tom Worth, or you'll condemn yourself," said the officer, sternly.

"Away with the villain! Away with him!" exclaimed old Mr. Harley, his face white with passion. "Such impudence in my house!"

"Come, Tom," said the officer, "follow me; give me no trouble, or I'll have to handcuff you."

An expression of pain passed over the miner's face, as he stepped forward obediently by the officer's side.

"Handcuff him? Of course you will!" said Somerville, in a hissing voice. "I demand it!"

"You can demand nothing of me, Mr. Somerville," returned the tall policeman, firmly. "The prisoner is in my custody; I am responsible for his safe-keeping, not you. Besides, I know Tom Worth, and am acquainted with his character for honesty and truthfulness. Come, Tom, follow me."

Somerville bit his lips in very rage, at the cutting words of the officer, but he said nothing.

Tom Worth, shaking with a convulsive shudder, trod close behind the officer—who, beckoning his men to follow him, pushed rudely by old Harley and Somerville, standing by the door, and left the house.

As they reached a prison-van which was in waiting, at the street gate, the policeman turned and said:

"Mr. Somerville, you are expected to be at the alderman's office, in Penn street, this afternoon, at four o'clock."

He was about directing Tom to get into the van, when the prisoner asked:

"Will you allow me, sir, to go over to my cabin, to get a few necessary things to serve me in jail?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the officer, promptly, "but I hardly think it will be as bad as that. From what I have heard of you, I am sure you have a friend who will bail you."

"No, sir; I must go to jail; I do not wish bail. I will go to jail, and await justice; it will come, some day."

The policeman said no more; but when Tom Worth had entered the disreputable van, he entered also, having first directed the driver to go over the river to Tom's cabin, as the prisoner had requested.

The news of Tom Worth's arrest, for the abduction of Miss Grace Harley, spread like wildfire through Pittsburgh. It was duly announced in the afternoon papers, and various were the comments made upon the news. Among Tom's acquaintances, the miners, the excitement was intense. He was widely and well known, not only in his own mine—the Black Diamond—but, in many others, among the Coal Hills, and his arrest fell upon them with a stunning force.

It was difficult to tell the effect of these woeful tidings on old Ben Walford. When the old man first heard it he was deep down in one of the levels of the mine. A miner who had heard the news at the shaft, came by and told him. The old man paused as if shot, and a terrible shudder crept over him.

Before he had recovered himself, and before he could ask any questions, the man had passed on.

There was an iron rigidity about old Ben's face, as, without another word to his wondering companions, the old man turned off. As he pursued his way swiftly through the dark, underground "streets" toward the shaft, he muttered:

"'Tis false! 'tis false! My boy is no scoundrel, and young Somerville is. He is at the bottom of this, I know. I'll not doubt my boy—never!"

He reached the shaft, and signaling for the bucket, was soon on the outside world again. The old man at once sought out Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer:

"That gentleman had just read the news in the paper, and was sitting now, with brooding countenance, gazing vacantly at his feet."

"Bad news, Ben!—that of Tom—and 'tis hard to believe. But, then, it comes straight. You know young Somerville—"

"Is a scoundrel, Mr. Hayhurst!" blurted old Ben, right out.

"Not so loud, Ben, or you may get into trouble."

"I hope, Mr. Hayhurst, you don't believe the story?" said old Ben, almost fiercely.

"I don't know what to believe, Ben," said Mr. Hayhurst, "but I'll tell you one thing: Tom has always been a good fellow, and he shall have justice!"

"Thank you, thank you kindly, Mr. Hayhurst. Yes! he shall have justice!"

"Meet me this afternoon, Ben, at the alderman's office. At all events, I'll see that the poor fellow, guilty or not guilty, does not go to jail."

"God bless you, Mr. Hayhurst, for your kind heart! And, depend upon it, I'll be there!"

It may be readily imagined that the alderman's little office was packed. It was known all over the city that a preliminary examination of the prisoner would be held there at four o'clock; and as the case, from its very flagrancy, excited much interest, and created great indignation, everybody seemed anxious to be present, and see the man, so humble in life, so well spoken of heretofore, who had been accused as the bold perpetrator of this crime upon law and society.

Hence, long before the hour for the examination, the scene in front of the alderman's office was an animated one. Merchants and miners, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls—all swelled the crowd—each doing his or her best to perform what was almost an impossibility—to squeeze into the little room, already so full that suffocation of all hands was imminent.

At length the prison appeared. In a few minutes it forced its way through the crowd and drew up at the alderman's office.

The assembly swayed to and fro, but was suddenly hushed to almost absolute silence, as the prisoner, clad in the same coarse garments in which he had visited the splendid mansion of Richard Harley, Esq., and carrying a bundle under his arm, descended quietly from the van; and, preceded and followed by an officer, entered the office.

As he did so, a stentorian voice in the surging crowd shouted, aloud:

"I am here, Tom, and will never desert you!"

The poor miner gave a quick, grateful glance around, and saw the powerful form of old Ben Walford performing deeds worthy of Hercules in his mighty endeavors to get closer to him.

And then Tom Worth stood before the alderman.

THE MEETING IN THE SHINLEY.

OPPOSITE East Common, by Christ church—the commons and their extensions now known as the Alleghany Parks—and to the right of Nunnery Hill, as you go up Union avenue, is a collection of small, squalid tenement-houses, extending for a considerable distance, and called by the general title of the Shinley Property.

As every city, town and hamlet has a disreputable quarter, so the Shinley property the disreputable quarter of Pittsburgh's most charming suburb—Alleghany City. For years this property has borne the name by which it is now known; and in the local annals of Alleghany City it has become quite notorious in many respects, which we need not particularize.

Suffice it to say, that those who should know state very emphatically that it were difficult to find a place in any other city of the United States, or of the world, which could, in looseness of life—in the utter depths of infamy—rival the done and habits of the wicked and abandoned in the Shinley Property of Alleghany City.

By respectable people there are some parts of this diseased and vice-infected quarter which are shunned, even under the glare of the noon-day sun; and after nightfall they would as soon think of wading the Ohio, with impunity, as to pass through the gutters and lanes of the Shinley Property. In mildest language, it was a bad place, and it may perhaps deserve the title, that has been bestowed upon it, of a moral fester.

Be all that as it may, it is into this place we must ask the reader to follow us on the night succeeding the abduction of Grace Harley—the same on which, earlier in the evening, Fairleigh Somerville had visited old Ben, the miner, in his cabin on the mountain.

This night, about an hour after midnight, two men were to be seen picking their way cautiously along the narrow street which lay next to Nunnery Hill. They proceeded but a short distance, when they turned suddenly into a small, dark alley—so narrow that they could not walk abreast singly, but were compelled to go sideways, one after the other. Emerging, however, very soon from the further end of the gloomy passage, they entered a court, and approached a flight of rickety stairs, leading, outside, up to the second story staging of a low brick house.

The men rapidly ascended to the staging without looking behind them. In a few moments they were on the landing.

"Make the signal, Teddy," said one of the men, softly.

The man addressed put his hands to his mouth, and created a low, flute-like sound or whistle.

A moment only elapsed when, apparently from the remotest depths of the old house, an answer, low and guarded, was returned.

Without waiting, the man called Teddy pushed open the door, and entered a dark room beyond, saying:

"'Tis all right, Launce; the boss is here, and we'll get our money! Come!" and both men disappeared within, closing and securing the door behind them.

For a moment they groped around, and finally paused before another door within. On this they gave a peculiar rap. The door was opened at once, and a flood of brilliant light shone forth, illuminating the gloomy depths of the antechamber with a splendor almost startling.

The men at once entered, hat in hand; and then the door closed, as if of its own accord, behind them.

Seated at a table in the comfortable, well-furnished apartment, was a very tall but slender man. A heavy beard of dark hue covered all the lower portion of his face; a slouched hat was drawn well over his eyes, obscuring the upper portion of his face. An overcoat of thick stuff clung loosely around his person, and reached to his feet.

The man's hands were gloved, and over his left shoulder, on the back, was an immense, disfiguring hump.

He was, as the reader well knows, the same mysterious person whom we have seen on a previous occasion, in the old house, on

Boyd's Hill—though, if the truth be told, not much of a hump could then be seen—certainly not enough to be noticeable.

In front of the man was a large cut-glass decanter, and several costly goblets. The odor coming from the unstopped decanter proclaimed it to be brandy. To his right hand lay a heavy revolving pistol, and by it a large porte-monnaie.

The man laid down a pencil and pushed aside a scrap of paper, as the two men entered. He had evidently been making notes.

"Here at last, are you?" he exclaimed, in a half-sultry manner.

"We are ahead of time, Mr. — boss," said the man Teddy, suddenly, as he saw a quick sign of warning from the other.

"Yes, and you always are when you expect money, but not when I want you," continued the man seated by the table, as if determined to find fault.

One of the men seemed inclined to retort, but a glance from his companion restrained him.

"We need money, very much, boss, for we have children, you know. Besides, that we—"

"Confound your children, and you, too! Don't prate to me about them!"

An angry flush flew over the man's dark face, and he dug his nails into the palms of his hands; but he kept back the fierce reply that had already sprung to his lips. And then he said, very quietly, almost gently:

"Yes, yes, boss; but our little ones are very dear to us, and we, though rough and unfortunate men, hate mightily to hear the little things cry for bread."

Was it that the brute in the long overcoat was softened, that he glanced at the man quickly? or was it that he noticed the poor fellow's emphasis? At all events, he did not pursue the subject further, but contented himself with saying, simply:

"Bah!"

Till this time the men had been standing; but, at a sign from him, who was evidently their master—in the strongest sense of that word—they seated themselves on a sofa, near the table.

Several moments passed in silence—the man who sat by the table paying no heed to the common-looking fellows on the sofa, but looking up at the ceiling and pulling meditatively at his long whiskers. At length, however, he glanced down and said, as if all at once wide awake:

"Come, Launce; come, you and Teddy, and take a drink—something good. It will warm you up this raw night, and do you no harm," and he drew the decanter near to him, and poured out a large draught in each of the two tumblers.

The man named Launce came at once, and approached the table, but the other hesitated and kept his seat.

"Why don't you come, Teddy? I know you love liquor. Ah! You think I will poison you! Ha! ha! No, indeed! I can not spare you yet, Teddy, and I would not poison you in such good stuff as this! Come, man; here, pour out for yourself, and I will drink the four ounces already in the goblet as a guaranty of good faith!" So saying he took the glass, and tossed off the burning liquor at a gulp, and without a grimace, down his throat.

Teddy waited no longer; he arose at once, and pouring out a large drink, drank it at a swallow, saying, at the same time:

"No, no, boss; I wasn't afraid to trust you; but you see, I can't stand much liquor."

"All right," replied the other; "but the less you take the less you can bear," and the tall man laughed, as if he had said something witty. "But, now to business!" he continued. "Sit down and tell me what you have heard to-day."

"We have both heard news," replied the man Teddy, his face brightening, as the strong brandy darted through his frame.

"And what is it, Teddy?"

"Why, sir, it's all over Alleghany and Pittsburgh, too, that old Harley's daughter has been taken off somewhere and by somebody. But, nobody knows much about it."

"You don't say so! This is news! And who was the somebody—did you hear?"

"Why, sir, 'tis not positive, you know; but, sir, they all say it was a fellow called Tom Worth, a miner in the Black Diamond."

"Glorious!" exclaimed the other. "And so Tom Worth did this daring deed?"

"Yes, sir; so 'tis said; and everybody believes it."

"Yes, Teddy, and 'tis very well that everybody should believe it," said the master, significantly, "and you and Launce know why."

"Of course we do; and you needn't tell us," said the man, somewhat suddenly, and rudely. The brandy had evidently crazed him.

The man in the long overcoat reached out his hand suddenly, and grasped his pistol.

"None of your impudence, Teddy," he said, in a deep, stern voice, "or, by heavens, I'll shoot you through the head!"

"Shoot me, would you? Shoot, I say! That's better than to be living the dog's life I now lead! And I such a slave to you, on account of a single cart-load of coal I stole from the mine—stole it to keep my poor wife warm—stole it to keep life and soul together in my dying child! Shoot, shoot! but remember I am ready!" and he drew a pistol from his bosom. "And the day may be near at hand when your crimes—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the tall man, suddenly springing over the table, fell him to the floor at one blow with the butt of his pistol. And then, glaring like a tiger, he stood over his fallen foe.

The man called Launce drew near.

"Do not kill him, boss; he is drunk, and he has a wife and children. And, boss, he is of service to you. I'll sober him!"

As he spoke he dragged the man into the

adjoining room. Coming back, he filled a bucket with cold water, and returning drenched the senseless wretch with dash after dash of the chilling bath.

The man shivered, recovered his senses, arose to his feet, and staggering back into the room, fell on his knees before him who had punished him, and said, humbly:

"Pardon me, boss—forgive me! Liquor crazes me. I will still serve you."

"Tis well, Teddy. And I will trust you; but, mark me well, do not tempt me again. I'll keep your pistol. Now, here, take your money; and you, too, Launce, and be off! You will find fifty dollars in each roll. 'Tis good pay, but the job was well done, and I am not stingy. Now begone, for 'tis very late!"

The men received their money, and turned toward the door. As the light fell on the man's face—the one called Launce—there he stood! Tom Worth, the miner, over and over again: the very embodiment in the flesh!

But, in a moment, the men were gone; and the old stair-case was creaking under their heavy boots.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DOCK.

THERE was a breathless silence in the little office of Alderman March, among those who had gathered there to witness the preliminary trial of Tom Worth, the miner, as the officer led the prisoner straight through the crowd, until he stood directly in front of the legal functionary.

The alderman did not hesitate a moment; he cast a glance at the tall, splendid form of the prisoner, who stood so boldly, yet so deferentially before him. Then he looked away.

It was difficult to read that glance of the alderman. And even in this humble "limb of the law," there were those watching for signs of evil or good intent—of a prejudiced mind, or of an open, honest judgment, according to the evidence and the law.

Old Ben Walford was one of those who thus scrutinized the almost impassible face of the alderman, and he saw that the glance to which we have referred, was kindly, and the old man knew that the alderman, in his heart, sympathized with the prisoner. And the old man was glad.

"What is your name, my man?" the alderman asked, in a kind tone, of the prisoner.

Castling his eyes aloft, for a moment, as if thinking away back in the past, while a bitter smile lifted his mustached lip, he said:

"My name, your honor? Why, everybody should know it now! It is Tom Worth, your honor; heretofore a name reckoned honest."

"And honest now, my boy, or there's not one in Pittsburgh!" exclaimed Old Ben, who, by prodigies of wriggling, Herculean feats of strength, and considerable display of strategy, had worked his way close behind his unfortunate friend.

The alderman's face was, for a moment, wrinkled with a frown of displeasure, but it quickly cleared up. Leaning over his desk, he said, in a mild though decided tone:

"Make no further interruptions here, or you shall be removed from the room," and he shook his finger half-threateningly, half-warningly, at the bold speaker.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, your honor. I couldn't help it, sir, for—well, sir, I'll not again offend your honor. Only, sir, let me stay near my poor boy, there!"

The old man spoke so honestly, so entirely from the depths of his great heart, that the alderman, simply making a sign of assent, bent his head very closely over the transcript before him again.

And in that "boy's" eye, in a moment, there stood unbidden, one large salt tear.

A most impressive silence followed this little episode.

The alderman looked up again, and addressing the prisoner, said:

"I shall propound to you a few questions, Tom Worth, to which you may, or may not, answer, as it suits you. I am but doing my duty when I tell you to answer nothing when that answer may criminate you."

"Thank you, your honor; I appreciate your kindness, sir," said the prisoner.

"Do you swear or affirm?"

"Swear, sir," was the prompt reply.

The alderman took a Testament from the table, and held it toward him.

"Take off your hat, prisoner, and place your right hand upon this book."

"Surely, your honor," suddenly and rudely exclaimed young Somerville, pushing forward, "surely, sir, you are not intending to allow a prisoner to testify in his own behalf!"

"Be silent, sir!" said the alderman, sternly. "I am the judge of my own conduct, and shall interpret the law myself."

With a withering look, and not condescending to say another word, the alderman turned from Somerville, and administered the required oath to the prisoner.

There was a disposition to applaud this action among those assembled there, for, do what they could, and as prejudiced as many were against the prisoner, they were compelled to admire that lofty, athletic form—that splendid, labor-tanned face of the miner. But the alderman quickly stopped any such demonstration.

Fairleigh Somerville glanced covertly and viciously around at the crowd, and bit nervously at the coarse ends of his swarthy mustache.

"Now, prisoner, please answer as I ask. Where do you work, my man?"

"In the 'Black Diamond' coal mine, your honor," was the prompt response.

"How long have you worked there?"

"Sixteen months, sir."

The alderman paused.

"Were you on the Mount Washington road on Tuesday night—the night of the abduction?"

"I was, your honor."

"Then tell what you heard, saw, and did there."

"Yes, sir. It was about eight o'clock—perhaps not so late. I had been climbing the hill, and being tired, had seated myself by the roadside, away up on the top of the cliff. I suddenly heard carriage-wheels approaching at a rapid pace. Soon the carriage came in sight; and just then I heard some one halloo from the carriage. In an instant two tall, heavy fellows started from the roadside, and dashed upon the vehicle." He paused for a moment, and glanced suddenly at Somerville; but he continued:

"A fracas ensued, in the course of which the man who drove the carriage was either thrown or fell from his seat. The horses took fright at once, and darted toward the edge of the road, directly for the brink of the precipice. I then sprang forward and stopped the horses, sir, and, sir, saw that a lady was in the vehicle; and that lady was Miss Grace Harley. And then—sir—that's all." He paused, as he stammered and hesitated at these last words.

There was a hum of voices in the crowd as the plain, straightforward narrative ceased.

"How came you to know Miss Harley, prisoner?" asked the alderman, suddenly.

The torrent of rich red blood that leaped into the miner's sooty, begrimed face, was almost fearful, and every one, not excepting Somerville, noticed it keenly. In fact, Fairleigh Somerville glanced viciously at him, as he saw that painful blushing; and he muttered a deep oath to himself, and shook his head.

"Why, sir, your honor, 'tis not for the like of me—tho' God knows I try to be an honest man—to be acquainted with such a person as Miss Grace Harley! But then, sir, I have often seen her on the drives with her father. More than that, your honor, she once came down on a visit into our mine; I saw her then. And I have a wonderful memory of faces. Again, your honor, Miss Harley is a friend to the poor man, and her sweet face has shed a bright light into more than one miner's lonely cabin on the Coal Hills!"

"God bless her for it!" came instantly and unrestrainedly from the lips of several of the rough men who stood in that closely-packed room. Conspicuous among those who spoke was old Ben Walford, the miner.

The alderman bent his head, and said nothing for several moments.

"Yes, yes," at length he spoke, in a low tone. "I have heard the same, and—why, of course, you have seen the young lady. But, again: whose carriage was it in which she sat?"

"Mr. Somerville's, sir; I know it well," and he gave another quick glance toward the individual named.

"Did you recognize any other person on the road at that time?" asked the alderman.

"Yes, your honor; Mr. Somerville. As I ran up to the buggy, I saw him, to the rear, rising to his knees. Besides, I knew his voice."

"Did Mr. Somerville speak to any one?"

"I heard him endeavoring to pacify his horses. I also heard him in a brief altercation with the assailants, who stood by the carriage."

"And now, a question or so more. What were you doing on the Mount Washington road at that hour?" and the alderman looked him straight in the face.

The prisoner started perceptibly, and hesitated.

A cold, anticipating leer came to the face of Fairleigh Somerville, as he pushed himself still further from the ring of spectators pressing and crowding around the prisoner. He narrowly watched Tom Worth's face.

"You heard my question, prisoner?" asked the alderman, a little impatiently.

"Yes, yes, your honor; I heard it."

"At last, however, with the aid of several policemen, hastily summoned by the alderman, quiet was restored, and the old miner stood ready to answer what questions might be asked him."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

The prisoner still hesitated.

"Speak!" said the alderman, authoritatively.

"I was there, sir, on—on business," was the halting answer.

"And that business—what was it?"

Again no response from the prisoner.

The alderman repeated the question.

"I can not tell you, sir, now. I was on business, but, your honor, I can not speak of it now, for I am not wholly satisfied myself. I must know that I am right before my lips shall be opened."

As he spoke these incomprehensible words, he glanced for the third time at Fairleigh Somerville, over whose face a livid pallor spread, as he listened to Tom Worth's singular utterances. And he felt, too, the searching glitter that flashed from the miner's large blue eyes. He drew slightly back, but with a front of assumed boldness, said harshly:

"I beg that your honor will insist that the prisoner shall tell his business on the road on Tuesday night."

"Again I say to you, Mr. Somerville, be silent; and be warned now, in time, to keep your suggestions to yourself."

With this pointed rebuke, the alderman turned again toward Tom Worth, and said:

"I understand you, then, to decline to answer that question, prisoner? Of course you can so decline, if you feel disposed."

"I decline to answer the question now, your honor, tho' the day may come when I shall demand that I may reply to it," was the singular response.

"What mean you, prisoner?" asked the alderman.

A pin might have been heard to fall as all anxiously awaited the prisoner's answer. But Tom Worth's face was calm and imperturbable, as he quietly replied:

"With all deference, your honor, I decline to answer that question also."

The alderman looked chagrined, but he could say nothing in opposition. After a pause, he asked:

"Does your cabin lay in the direction of the Mount Washington road—I mean, toward the scene of the abduction?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer.

A triumphant look shot from Fairleigh Somerville's eyes as he hearkened to the question and the answer.

"One more question, Tom Worth, and I will be done with you. Did you return to your cabin after the events on the road?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment, and then said distinctly:

"I did not, sir."

"Then—and this question is suggested by the other—where did you go?"

Tom Worth faltered not a moment, but answered:

"I decline to respond, your honor."

The alderman looked vexed, and from the saturnine countenances in the assembly it was evident that the miner's case was not so bright as it was a few moments before. Even old Ben endeavored to struggle nearer his friend; but, failing in the effort, he said, in a loud whisper of admonition:

"Tell his honor, my boy! Tell him, and don't be ashamed!"

But Tom Worth paid no heed to this injunction.

Again the alderman shook his finger—this time very threateningly—toward the old miner.

"I confess, prisoner," he said, "that your failure to reply to the two questions last asked you—the only two which could go toward clearing you, so far as your own testimony is concerned—weakens your case, and I am sorry for it. That will do."

As he spoke, a loud murmur went up from the crowded room. But the tumult was quickly hushed, as the alderman, glancing over the written slip of paper lying before him, said:

"Is Benjamin Walford present?" and he glanced around him.

"Me, me, your honor? Yes, sir; here I am, and I am not ashamed of my name; but I can tell you, I know nothing against that poor boy!" and, as the way was made for him, the old man, hat in hand, his long gray hair falling over his shoulders, came forward.

"That remains to be seen, my good man," said the alderman, quietly. "Do you swear or affirm?"

"I'll do what Tom did, your honor," said the old man, innocently and trustfully, "for, sir, Tom isn't the man to do any thing wrong; he's been tried, your honor."

There was something noble, lofty, in the devotion and faith of the old miner—something truly grand in his firm, unbending friendship, and it told measurably on the crowd.

As for that "boy" of old Ben's—he, the athletic six-footer, of towering stature and brawny frame—he bowed his head slowly on his breast, and wiped away the big tears that filled his eyes; and then, as the old miner kissed the Testament with an audible smack, he reared himself to his full height, and said, as if in an irrestrainable moment:

"It will be all right, Ben! Trust to God, and it will be all right!"

"Yes!" thundered the old man, now almost wild with enthusiasm; "I know it, Tom! and so does every honest man!"

It took some time for the tumult to quiet down, for old Ben was now almost unmanageable.

At last, however, with the aid of several policemen, hastily summoned by the alderman, quiet was restored, and the old miner stood ready to answer what questions might be asked him.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

The Ace of Spades:

OR,

IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CURLY ROCKS IS ASTONISHED.

THE strange man, with the black hair and eyes, who had called himself Brown, sat in his room on Broadway waiting for the person to call upon him, whom the rough, Curly Rocks, had made the appointment for.

Dick Cranston, the private detective, sat in his room opposite with his opera-glass leveled at the open window.

"He should be here soon!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, musingly, as he examined his watch. "It is already past the time. Oh!" and the pale-faced man gave vent to

a long-drawn sigh, "how tired I am of this waiting! Will the time never come to strike this man? Must I remain forever hid behind a screen of lies? Shall I never be able to face this man, tell him who I am and see him tremble beneath my look?"

The man in black arose after uttering this strange speech, and for a few moments paced the room rapidly. The coldness of the man was all gone now, nothing left but fire.

"I've waited a long time," he muttered, between his teeth, as he paced up and down, "but it seems to me that I hate him now as fiercely as I did when I first learned of the wrong he had done me. His child, too, in the hands of these ruffians, as doubtless she is; that is another triumph for me. Oh! the vengeance when it does come will pay for the waiting!" And this man who talked and acted so strangely, laughed bitterly to himself—a cynical laugh, having little of mirth in it.

"What the deuce is he about?" muttered Cranston, who was watching the stranger's movements by the aid of his opera-glass. "He's striding up and down the room like a madman. I can't understand him!" Cranston was honest in his confession; his strange client was indeed a puzzle to the other. That story that he told me the other day was about the strangest one that I ever heard. If he has lost his senses, though, I'm blessed if he isn't smarter than half the men that have theirs."

The worthy detective was musing over this mystery, when his eye caught sight of a man on the other side of the street who was about to enter the door of No. 436.

"Curly Rocks!" cried the detective, with a low whistle, expressive of great astonishment, "and alone too! Now what the deuce does that mean? Is it possible that he knows all about this affair and hasn't got any one at the back of it? Or is it all a 'plant' for to raise a little money out of this Mr. A. B. 'Alfred Brown'! and the detective chuckled to himself. "Now that's altogether too 'thin,' I can't swallow that. His name is Brown about as much as mine is. Curly is suspicious!" Cranston's notice was attracted by the movements of the rough, who was pausing in the doorway. "Now he is afraid of being watched, or is he waiting for some one?"

Curly had paused, as he had done the day before, and was looking carefully around him. At last the rough being satisfied that he was unwatched—never dreaming of the detective with the opera-glass in the second-story window opposite—commenced to ascend the stairs.

Mr. Brown had resumed his seat at the table when the rough knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Brown, and somewhat to his surprise when the knocker entered, he found that it was his visitor of the preceding day.

"Good-mornin'," said Curly, coolly helping himself to a chair.

"Good-morning, sir," replied Brown; "are you alone?"

Curly noticed that the gentleman into whose presence he had come cast an inquiring glance at the door as if he expected to see another enter.

"Oh, you needn't look! I'm all alone!" said the rough.

"Ah, indeed?" observed Mr. Brown, with a slight degree of astonishment expressed upon his features. "I thought you told me that the person who knew the history of the child, whose fate I am anxious to learn, would call upon me this morning."

"Yes, I told you so," replied Curly.

"Is he not coming?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, he don't exactly like the way you wants to do business," replied Curly, coolly.

"Indeed?" There was a peculiar expression in the voice of Mr. Brown that Curly did not like.

"No, he don't," he cried, roughly. "You ain't actin' fair an' square an' above board. My friend thinks as how the child is an heir to somethin', an' he wants to know all the particulars fore he goes ahead or shows his hand."

"That is, your friend wants me to show my hand—to use your own simile—or else he will not join in this game. That's it, isn't it?" and the stranger bent his piercing black eyes full on the face of the rough, an operation that Curly did not enjoy, for there was a peculiar something in the eyes that he did not like.

"Blessed if his eyes wasn't like the eyes of a feller wot was insane!" so Curly expressed his mind afterward when telling of the interview.

"Well, since you put it that way, p'raps that is the idea," Curly replied, slowly.

"Ah! well, I don't intend to play any such game," coolly replied Mr. Brown, still keeping his glittering eyes fixed full on the face of the rough, much to that worthy's annoyance.

"You don't?"

"No. What my motive is in this affair is none of your business, nor of this man who keeps himself in the background. When I tell you that I do not care whether the girl is alive or dead, I should think that you would be convinced that there isn't any money in the affair."

"Yes, I know you tells me so; but how can I tell but arter you gets out of us wot we knows 'bout the gal, but that you'll try to get hold on her?" asked Curly, shrewdly.

"You will hold the girl in your hands—she is no relative of mine—the law gives

me no power over her, and you can make your own terms if she proves to be valuable."

"Well, that's fair," said Curly.

"What could be more reasonable?"

"Say, how much are you a-goin' to come down for this?" Curly had an eye for business.

"How much do you want?"

"All I kin git," was the truthful answer.

"When can I have the information?"

"Just as soon as you like," answered Curly.

"Can you give it to me?" said Brown, beginning to think that Curly's "pardon" was a fiction, and that the rough himself was the entire firm.

"No, I can't, but if you'll go with me, I'll fetch you to the cove wot can."

"How far is it?" asked Brown.

"Only up to Fortieth street."

"Are you prepared to take me at once to this person?"

"In course," answered Curly.

"I suppose that there isn't any objection to my taking a friend with me?" asked Brown.

"Well, I s'pose not."

"That is all right then." Brown took a handkerchief from his pocket and carelessly wiped his forehead with it. This was the signal agreed on between Brown and the detective. The latter instantly left his post of observation and came across the street.

"He will be here in a moment," Brown said, after giving the signal.

Curly was astonished.

"How the devil does he know when his friend is coming?" the astonished rough asked himself; "he didn't call anybody."

"You are in no hurry, Mr. Rocks?" asked Brown.

The rough started.

"Eh! do you know my name?" he said, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "Curly Rocks; is it not?"

"Yes," muttered Curly, bothered at Brown's knowledge. "Why I never see'd you afore yesterday!" cried Curly, unable to guess how this stranger could have learned his name.

"Nor I you," answered Brown.

"How did you know my name, then?"

"Possibly I guessed it."

"Say, you ain't a detective, are you?" asked Curly, in some alarm.

"No."

Just then the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Cranston, the detective.

Curly cast a rapid glance at Cranston, but the detective was unknown to him, although he was well known to the detective.

"This is the gentleman who will go with us," said Brown, indicating Cranston.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Rocks," said the detective, pleasantly.

The face of the rough plainly showed his amazement.

"Blessed if he don't know me, too!" muttered Curly, somewhat alarmed. "I think we've showed our hand, instead of making these chaps show theirs."

"Now, sir, we are ready," said Mr. Brown. "In course," said Curly, who had not yet recovered from his astonishment. "I say, what might your name be?"

"Well, it might be Kennedy"—Curly started at the name of the Superintendent of Police—"but it isn't. My name is Smith," said Cranston.

"Smith?" muttered the rough to himself. "I'm afraid this is a 'plant,' an' I'm in for it. Well, I ain't done nothin'."

"You probably don't remember me?" said the detective.

"No, I can't say as I do," replied Curly. "I don't think I ever had the honor of being introduced to you."

"Ah, perhaps not," said Cranston. "I remember you, though. I was in the court-room when you were brought up to answer that charge of assault with intent to kill, in the saloon in Chatham street."

Curly began to look alarmed.

"Don't you remember? Alderman Mike Mulligan went your bail. It must have cost you considerable to have bought that countryman off so that he wouldn't appear as a witness against you. By the way, I see that Mulligan is going to run again next election. I suppose you're good for ten or twenty votes for the man that saved you from going to State Prison?" said the detective, coolly.

Curly was almost struck dumb as this mysterious Mr. Smith "ventilated" this episode in his life. Curly began to have a strong impression that, to use the old saying

and with quite a change of tone from his former bullying one. "I'm only actin' for another cove."

Then the rough led the way to the street, followed by the others.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MAN THAT SAT ON THE PIER.

THE "Marquis" and Jim sat in the room of the former on Broadway, the morning succeeding the night when they had made the appointment with Shorty, the newsboy.

"Strange he doesn't come!" cried Catterton, impatiently.

"Patience is a virtue, and, 'Marquis,' we ought to be all virtuous, you know," said Jim, sagely.

"Ah, that's all very well for you to say," replied the "Marquis." "It is natural that you shouldn't be as interested in the matter as I am."

"That's true, you know; I ain't in love with the girl."

"Well, I don't know that I am," said Catterton, doubtfully. "I think a great deal of her, it's true, but that feeling may not be love. I rescued the poor girl from the power of a brutal tyrant—it's about the only good act of my life, and, of course, I can't help liking the object that prompted that good act."

"The holy good act!" cried Jim. "Oh, no! there's another one just as good, though I don't know as the object that prompted it—as you call it—his."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Catterton.

"Ow did you make my acquaintance?"

"Why, I saw a crowd on Broadway, naturally I ran to see what was the matter—"

"Hand you found a little feller—that was me—a struggling with two big chaps. You took my part and got me away. I told you I didn't any money hand you tooked me 'ome hand 'elped me."

"Yes, I believe I did."

"Well, do you know what I was before you 'elped me?" asked Jim.

"No, I never asked you any questions."

"Hand in consequence, he never told you many lies. Well, I was a Hinglish pickpocket. I was brought hup among thieves. I never know'd what hit was to receive kindness. I 'ad just landed when you picked me hont of that scrape. You made an 'onest man hout of me, hand while I lives he will never forget hit."

The expression upon the face of the Englishman as he finished his simple story, proved that he spoke the truth.

Dan Catterton, the "Marquis," the tool of the card-sharps, the decoy duck of the "blacklegs"—who, by the way, half the time are but half as black as they are painted—had saved two souls from sin; how many of the "unco" righteous can say the same?

The "Marquis" surveyed Jim in astonishment.

"Hit's hall true!" said the Englishman.

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

The door opened, and Shorty, the newsboy, entered.

"Well, have you discovered Iola?" asked Catterton, anxiously.

"Not a bit on it," answered the boy, sorrowfully.

"No?"

"Nary time!" said Shorty. "I went up to the old shanty last night. Bill had been there, but he come to see arter buying a dorg an' he didn't bring the gal with him, an' the house up-stairs is all shut up. I went out into the back yard for to see if I could see any lights in any of the winders, an' Patsy's big bull-dog, wot he keeps in the back yard, he made a jump at me an' 'bout tore the whole seat of my trousers out!" and Shorty's tone grew into a sort of an indignant howl as he told of the damage that he had received.

"Then she is not there?" Catterton was terribly disappointed.

"No, sirc!" replied the boy, emphatically. "Say, sport, who's a-goin' to pay for my trousers, wot that purp tore?"

"Here's a dollar," said the "Marquis," taking out his wallet and handing the boy a bill. Shorty took the dollar with great readiness.

"You're a reg'lar red-hot rooster, you are!" cried the newsboy, fully satisfied. "Say, sport, am I for to keep my eye peeled arter the gal?"

"Yes; if you discover any thing relative to her whereabouts, come to me instantly," said Catterton.

"Oh, I'll do it, you bet high on that!" and Shorty took his departure, fully satisfied.

"Hoff the track again!" cried Jim.

"Yes, and I don't know how to get on, unless to employ one of these Private Detectives to 'spot' this Bill and watch where he goes to; for of course he will visit the girl wherever he has placed her. It puts my blood in a flame whenever I think of her being in this brutal devil's power. If I ever get my hands on him again, I'll settle the account between us in full, and perhaps with ample interest!" The flashing eyes of the "Marquis," the big veins, that in his excitement, swelled out like whipcords on the sides of his forehead, boded ill to English Bill, if they should chance to meet.

A knock at the door caused the "Marquis" to pause in his walk.

Going to the door, he opened it; a

boot-black, a little fellow about eight or nine years old, stood there.

"Do Mister Catterton live here?" asked the boy.

"Yes, that's my name," said the "Marquis."

"Here's a letter, sir," and the boy gave a dirty brown envelope into Catterton's hand.

"Who gave it to you?"

"A gen'man in the street, sir," said the boy, retreating down-stairs.

Catterton closed the door and opened the envelope, which was directed in a wretched bad hand to "Mr. Catterton." The letter, which was a frightful scrawl, read as follows:

"RESPECTED SIR: I hear as how you wants to now bout a girl as English bill took away. If you will kum to pear foot of 40 streets, East River, to-Night at 9 o'clock I will be thar & if You will come Down with the Sugar, I will Tell You whar She is no more from yours A FRIEND."

The "Marquis" read this delightful piece of composition aloud.

"Vell, what do you think of it?" asked Jim.

"I think it's some fellow that knows of Bill's carrying off Iola—perhaps assisted in the act—and is now willing for 'sugar' to betray him," replied Catterton.

"Perhaps it's a plant!" suggested Jim.

"I'll risk it and go!" said Catterton, decidedly.

"I'm with you then!" cried Jim.

"Pier foot of Fortieth street. It's a lonely spot at nine o'clock; but we'll go it, if Satan himself stood in the way." The blood of the "Marquis" was up.

The two men remained quietly in the room till evening came; then they dressed themselves in their rough suits, and taking their revolvers, which they carefully loaded, about eight o'clock, they started. The two walked over to the Bowery and took a Second Avenue car to Fortieth street.

At Fortieth street, the two left the car and walked slowly down the street toward the river.

"You had better lay behind and let me go ahead," said Catterton. "If this man is all right, two of us coming may alarm him. If there is any thing wrong you will be near enough to assist me," said the "Marquis."

"Hall right! jest has you say, my noble dook!" replied the Englishman.

"If I am attacked, don't come till I call you."

"I'm fly!"

So the Englishman stopped until the "Marquis" had got about half a block ahead of him, as he judged, for the night was too dark for him to see distinctly. Then he followed, loosening his revolver in his pocket.

"I have a sort of suspicion that I'll need you, old boy, you know!" he addressed the remark to the revolver.

Catterton proceeded onward with a firm step to the river.

The "Marquis" reached the pier. No one was in sight. The entire neighborhood seemed deserted.

"There isn't any one here," said Catterton, looking around, trying to distinguish if there was any one about. "I suppose I had better walk out to the end of the pier, then if he does come, I won't miss him!" So out to the end of the pier walked Catterton.

As he approached the end of the pier he fancied he distinguished a figure through the thick gloom that hung like a dark veil over the surface of the restless, heaving waters. The waves flung themselves with a dull, mournful sound, incessantly against the spiles of the dock, as though singing a requiem for the dead.

The sound of the mournful, monotonous dash of the waves struck the ears of the "Marquis" unpleasantly. Never before had the sound of the ocean surges seemed so like the despairing cry of human woe. It came upon the ear of the young man like the wail of a lost soul drifting hopeless and in agony down the tide of doom.

Despite his coolness, despite his nerve, the "Marquis" shivered at the ob-recurring splash of the night-waters.

"By Jove!" muttered the "Marquis," as he advanced slowly through the gloom, "there is some one sitting on that bulk-head."

The "Marquis," as he approached nearer, could plainly see that it was the figure of a man.

"He don't seem to notice my approach," said Catterton to himself; "I wonder if he is asleep?"

Then the "Marquis," being quite close, saw that the man—who wore a heavy overcoat of dark material, of the pea-jacket style—was sitting with his back to the shore and his face turned to the river as if he was gazing out upon the moving tide.

"This must be my man, sure!" said Catterton, now almost at the stranger's side. "But it's funny he don't turn round. He must be deaf, I say, my friend, do you expect any one?" and he laid his hand on the man's shoulder. The man turned, and Catterton saw the face of English Bill.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CHILD MARKED WITH THE ACE OF SPADES.

THE "Marquis" had little time for reflection after discovering that the stranger was English Bill, for that worthy instantly precipitated himself upon Catterton. The attack was so sudden that the "Marquis" was in the grip of the rough, almost before

he guessed his purpose. The two men closed together in a desperate struggle. The rough was far the stronger of the two, the "Marquis" the more skillful.

"Help, boys!" cried Bill, as, clutching the "Marquis" with an iron grip, he essayed to throw him to the ground.

Catterton saw that he was in a desperate plight. A few minutes more and the roughs would reinforce English Bill, and once in the power of Bill's gang, the young man knew full well that his fate was sealed.

At the commencement of the struggle, Bill had somewhat the advantage, having taken Catterton by surprise. But as they swayed violently to and fro on the surface of the dock, the "Marquis," wily and supple as a snake, managed to break the hold of the rough and secured an "under grip" upon Bill. It was that worthy's game to throw the "Marquis," if possible, or else hold him till his ruffians came to his assistance. It was the "Marquis's" object to avoid being thrown and to break loose from the rough, so as to be ready either to fly or encounter the reinforcement.

Desperate was the struggle. Then to the ears of Catterton came the sound of feet advancing rapidly up the pier. He guessed at once that it was English Bill's gang.

A minute more and the "Marquis" felt that he was a doomed man unless he freed himself from the determined clutch of the rough.

Exerting all his strength, Catterton made a last desperate effort. Twisting himself about the rough, he got, despite the strenuous efforts of Bill to prevent it—what is termed, in wrestling parlance, the "hook" on him. A mighty effort of the muscles of the "Marquis," and English Bill was hurled headlong on the pier. Skill had conquered strength.

The "Marquis" had little time for reflection, for a dozen dark forms were closing rapidly in upon him. The roughs barred the way to the land.

Catterton felt that successful resistance was impossible, so with a cry of defiance he leaped into the dark waters that rolled so swiftly by the end of the pier.

The splash of the young man's fall was answered by a howl of rage from a dozen throats as the roughs gathered on the pier-head, and watched for the reappearance of the man that they had destined for their victim.

English Bill, who was badly shaken up by the heavy fall he had got, uttered a storm of curses as he watched, and watched in vain for his foe to appear.

The night was so dark, and the darkness covered so the bosom of the waters, that even if the "Marquis" had appeared on the surface of the tide, ten feet from the pier-head, it would have been impossible for the roughs to have seen him.

"I guess he's drowned!" said Curly Rocks, who had led the roughs on.

"Blast him!" cried Bill, whose anger had not been lessened by the heavy thump that he had got by striking the dock. "He couldn't stay under water all this time."

"Phaps he can't swim, an' drowned right off," said Curly.

After waiting about a quarter of an hour, eagerly watching to discover some sign of his foe, Bill at last came to the conclusion that the "Marquis" had indeed perished.

"Well—he's out of the way, anyhow," said Bill, somewhat consoled by the thought, though he had longed to get another crack at his foe.

So with the conviction fully implanted in their minds that "Dan the Devil" had indeed found a grave in the rushing tide of the East River, the roughs left the pier.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

Val's Mustache.

BY FLORENCE MALCOLM.

MR. NORVAL McGRATH was in a towering passion. Since one o'clock—the hour at which he had come in to dinner—until two, the hour at which our story opens, he had been guilty of various misdemeanors; viz:

He had boxed his youngest brother's ears, and sent him howling to the nursery, for asking him for a penny; he had called his pet sister a "little jade," without the slightest provocation; he had scowled at his mother in the most reprehensible manner when she kindly asked him if he felt ill; he had trodden upon his grandfather's gaiter, and smiled sardonically at the old gentleman's howl of rage and pain; he had broken one of the best decanters and spilled the wine over the dining-room carpet; he had sworn at the cook in the kitchen for making such a "devil of a smoke," so startling that obese young woman, that she dropped a ladle of batter upon the stove-plate instead of upon the griddle, thereby so increasing the object of distaste, that the irate young gentleman swore more lustily than ever, and cooked vowed she'd "give warning" that very afternoon—which, however, she quite forgot to do.

Mr. Norval, or, as he was familiarly called, "Val," having enacted these tempestuous little scenes, with no sensible diminution of wrath, took himself off to the smoking-room, and, donning his smoking-cap and gown, and lighting a cigar, threw himself upon a lounge, stretching out his long, handsome limbs, and expand-

ing his powerful chest, until he looked like a young giant.

Presently, as he lay puffing the cigar between his lips, which were red and soft as a girl's, the upper one fringed—very slightly fringed—with the darkest and daintiest of mustaches, the door was flung open, and in walked Master Tom McGrath, aged fourteen, a fine, noble-looking lad, with a sunny sparkle in his brown eyes that one liked to see.

He held an opened letter in his hand, which he tossed to his brother.

"You dropped it upon the stairs, Val," said he. "I found it, and thought I'd bring it to you at once."

"You young dog!" said Val, thanklessly. "If I thought you had read it, I'd break every bone in your body."

The boy's dark eyes flashed angrily for a moment, and then the pleasant light came back to them again.

"You are not generally so suspicious of me," he said; "but I know you don't mean it. Something's the matter with you to-day; what is it, Val? Come, tell me, old fellow."

"It is nothing—it is nothing," said the young man, hastily; he was not quite proof against the gentle kindness of his young brother.

"Ah! you can't blind me," said the boy, dropping on his knees beside the lounge. "There is something ails you; mother and all the rest of them say so too. And you ought to be as gay as a lark to-day, Val, for isn't she coming home—our own pet and beauty, our darling Kate?"

"Oh, Tom, my boy!" and Val flung away his cigar, and covered his eyes with his white, shapely hand. "I wish she'd stay away forever."

"Stay away forever! The girl you're going to wed in less than a month! the girl who has lived with us all her life, and is just the same as a sister to us! Oh, Val! if she were to hear you say that, she'd throw back her beautiful head, and look you straight in the eyes, and give you your 'good-by' forever."

Val's face was still covered with his hand, and neither he nor the boy—absorbed in the earnestness of his speech—had observed the entrance of a third person—a young and very beautiful girl, with a certain regal look about her, that gave her the air of a queen, and betokened a high and proud spirit.

Not all the simplicity of her traveling attire could hide the superb contour of her form, nor tone down the bright and perfect beauty of her face. She looked what she was—the living embodiment of health, grace and beauty, and few could have gazed upon her without doing homage to her loveliness.

And this was Kate; and that she had heard the words in reference to herself which had passed between the two brothers, her scarlet cheeks and haughty, scornful eyes bore witness.

She spoke; her voice was clear as a bell, though she pressed her little hand to her heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating. Val and the boy started to their feet with exclamations of surprise.

"Had you notified me of your wishes a day or two sooner, Mr. McGrath, you would have saved me much embarrassment."

His face grew ashen—even to the very lips.

"Kate," he said, while Tom, recovering from his surprise, had flung his arms about her, and was stifling her with caresses. "Kate! much as you have ridiculed and insulted me, that speech was not meant; it was spoken in hastiness and anger."

She put away Tom's arms from about her, and looked at her lover perplexedly.

"I insult you! I ridicule you!"

"Yes, you!" he said, and he thrust into her hand the letter which Tom had restored to him a short time before. "You, who have always held yourself so far above the little follies and meannesses of your sex. Read that, and deny the handwriting and the authorship if you can."

He watched her eagerly while she read it. This was their first quarrel, and they had loved each other devotedly ever since she, a little four-year-old child, came to be his father's ward, and she was nearly twenty now.

The faintest shadow of a smile crossed her lips as she perused the missive, even while the angry blood was rising to her forehead at the audacity of the one who had dared to imitate her writing, in the scribbling of what was, after all, a harmless joke, but which had played the mischief with Val's temper and patience.

The offending document, which Tom, unrebuked, was also reading over her shoulder, was as follows:

"TO VAL'S MUSTACHE."

"Oh, product of unwearied toil!
Oh, faint result of many a year!
For thee I heave the tender sigh,
For thee I shed the silent tear."

"Oh, feeble, few, and far between!
What golden compound hast thou not
Upon thy soil unfruitful spread,
Nor gem's harvest e'er begot?"

"Oh, sadly stranded, evil-starred!
In vain thy labor and thy pains!
In thee is shown how honest toil
Meets oft but sad and scanty gains!"

Tom laughed loudly as he finished reading it; but Kate folded up the paper, put it back in the envelope from which she had taken it, and handed it to Val in the most frigid manner possible.

"I did not write it," she said, haughtily.

"I know nothing about it. You have accused me wrongfully," and she turned to leave the room, but Val's arm was around her in a moment, holding her fast; and Master Tom, who did not feel himself in the least *de trop*, cried out, as he helped himself to the forbidden luxury of a cigar:

"I knew you didn't write it as soon as I read the first line. I'd wager my head that Lily wrote it, for she's always up to some mischief."

The individual spoken of thus irreverently was no less than the young gentleman's sister, a damsel of sixteen, who had been and was still visiting at the place whence Kate had come.

"Sure enough! it must have been she!" exclaimed Val, looking down into the eyes which were holding to their anger and indignation royally, though the lips were quivering like a pouting child's.

"So long as it wasn't you, my darling," he continued, "I don't care a straw. I am not such a surly boor that I can not take a little fun at my own expense; but to-day, at noon, when I read that infernal nonsense, it came into my head that perhaps there was some sort of change in your feelings toward me, since I never before knew you to ridicule or satirize any thing or anybody; and I began to think that, during the month you have been away, you might have met some one more agreeable to you—more worthy of you than myself; some one who—"

"All this fal-lal about a mustache!" interrupted Tom, puffing laboriously at his cigar. "Don't think I shall ever cultivate one. Kate, my beauty, why don't you kiss him and 'make up'?"

Val signified his willingness to this proposition by bending down his handsome face to that of his companion, but Kate considered a short while.

"You deserve that I should not look at you for a week."

"I know I do, darling."

"And you spoke of me in the most unkind manner."

"I did not mean it, Kate."

"And you have been in the worst possible humor this afternoon, according to the account I heard of you down-stairs."

"Yes, Kate; after I read that balderdash I behaved like an idiot."

"But," and the proud young face was lifted demurely to his, "you are sorry?"

"Of course I am, my darling," cried Val, receiving his kiss triumphantly, "and I'll shave off my mustache to-morrow to prove it."

"No, you will not," said Kate; "I like it; I think it becoming, and I shall not soon forgive Miss Lily for the trick she has played upon me."

The mustache was becoming, despite its non-luxuriance, and it is due to Val to say that he really had never expended any care upon its cultivation; he had little vanity, although he was quite a handsome young fellow.

"Well, I'll let it alone, since it is your wish," he said; "and now, Kate, we'll go down-stairs to mother; and Tom, my boy, be careful not to make yourself ill with those cigars."

Tom, although he scorned to confess it, was already "ill," but he said "I hear," in the bravest of voices, and the two lovers went out and left him to himself.

And Val made his peace with the members of the family upon whom he had vented his ill-humor, not even forgetting "cook," who appeared the following Sunday arrayed in the most gorgeous of de-laines, with ribbon-bow of corresponding splendor—the donor of the fineries being our penitent hero.

The day after Kate's return, Miss Lily confessed, by letter, the authorship of the verses, and the imitation of the handwriting.

Contrary to expectation, the little mischief-maker professed some slight degree of penitence upon her return, but, although Val was too fond of her not to grant pardon at once, we are not sure that Kate entirely forgave her until the wedding morning, a few weeks afterward, when she cried so bitterly at the parting from her "brother and sister" (who were henceforth to reside in a distant city) that Kate kissed her again and again, and left her own parting tears upon the fair little face that had lost all its pretty bloom in the sadness of farewell.

Hints and Helps.

Amiable Women.—Mrs. Ellis says:—"There is scarcely any source of enjoyment more immediately connected at once with the heart and with the mind, than that of listening to a sensible and amiable woman when she converses in a melodious and well-regulated voice, when her language and pronunciation are easy and correct, and when she knows how to adapt her conversation to the characters and habits of those around her." Mrs. Ellis speaks truth, as every sensible man knows. Man is pleased with woman's pretty face, but he is charmed with a good voice and pleasant converse. If, with the "talent for talk," she also has personal beauty, woman is a literal conqueror.

Etiquette.—The laws of etiquette were designed for those whose natural endowments are not equal to the position into which circumstances have crowded them. Persons of good endowments are naturally graceful, and common sense suggests to them all the rules of propriety in social intercourse. Arbitrary laws produce constraint, and render some who would be naturally easy, awkward in the extreme.

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BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

PLEASING ANNOUNCEMENT!

Among our recent arrangements for enhancing the public and personal interest now felt and so freely expressed, by the trade and the press, in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, is the engagement of

MR. ALBERT W. AIKEN,
who will hereafter write exclusively for these columns. Mr. Aiken's position in American literature as a novelist is unique. He tells a story with all the power and subtlety of a Wilkie Collins, but superadds a knowledge of human nature, especially of City human nature, which makes his men and women so real that the romance seems but a life transcript. This quality is especially prominent in his *ACE OF SPADES*, now running through the JOURNAL: it is all so like life in this Great Rebel that the reader can hardly believe it is fiction.

We have made this *exclusive engagement*, at large expense, that the works of such a master hand shall be confined alone to our paper, and in furtherance of our purpose to give in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, such a succession of brilliant *verbiage* as will place it far in advance, in interest and in value, of other popular weeklies, and render it, *par excellence*.

THE MODEL FAMILY PAPER.

In connection with this announcement we have the pleasure of adding that the new novel from Mr. Aiken's pen is now in our hands and will be placed before our readers at an early day. It is, as might be expected, a work of marked and signal interest, which will arrest attention, excite admiration, and create talk.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Contributors and Correspondents.

"SAVED BY A RATTLESNAKE" is good enough for use, but we have in hand enough of that kind of story for the present.

The story "MY FIRST JOURNEY" is not available. No stamps.

The contributions by "OUR JOHNNY" are exceedingly crude or immature. The author needs both years and good book knowledge of composition to become a successful writer. MSS. returned.

A correspondent writes: "Excuse poor writing for I am in a hurry." Don't write to us again when you are in a hurry!

Poem, "WHEN IN THE MORN," we recognize as a familiar in some of the lines, which makes us question its originality. We do not care to use it.

S. H. wants to know how he can obtain "The Pirate's Own Book?" There was such a work published some years ago by one Marsh; but it is, we believe, out of print, and can now be obtained only at some second-hand book stand.

Sketches by Capt. Howard, "GALLOP FOR LIFE" and "THE SHAWNEE BRIDE," are filed for publication. Also sketch, "SWAMPED."

Sketch, "STRUGGLE FOR LIFE," not available. MS. returned. Ditto "A STRANGE FRIEND." Both MSS. are too imperfect as compositions, although in incident quite interesting.

We do not care to make any "arrangement" with J. G. W. If he has any thing to submit we will give it attention.

Poems, "THE RETURN" and "THE INVITATION," are not "up to the mark" in quality requisite for use in our columns. The latter may find place in some local paper.

FRITZ.—Your handwriting is very good, but you require practice to become finished in style. "Iola, the Street-Sweeper," commenced in No. 9. Back numbers can be ordered through any newsdealer, or sent to your address, on receipt of Five Cents per copy, direct from office of publication.

"JULIE BARTON," by M. O. R., will not meet our wants. We have quite an overstock of this class of matter, and can only use what is especially good and new—which this sketch is not. MS. destroyed.

The three papers by F. S. F. we will try and use.

"Lillie Sunshine" submitted a very pretty poem, "WOULD I WERE WITH THEE," which we placed upon the accepted list. We now discover that "Lillie," like a great many other persons, has a weakness for appropriating to herself what belongs to others. Her "BELLIE VANE" may be original, but, being in her manuscript is no evidence that it is her own production.

Foolscap Papers.

Fortune-Telling.

UNFORTUNATELY, but perhaps for some divine purpose, the veil of Futurity is not remarkable for many holes through which the poorest of us might look and see ourselves as we will be or ought to be; but occasionally there are fortunate persons—generally women with long French names—whose sight is so sharp that it pierces that veil like a knife, and who for a mere matter of money will reveal to the inquiring mind all it wants to know about the future.

I have always noticed that these persons were patronized mostly by middle-aged married ladies and young girls; and I have often taken myself aside and asked myself whether these persons are any ways weary of their present state, that they are so anxious about the future, or if it is a mere idle curiosity. I have concluded that it is.

Now I have the weakness of my sex, and the follies of my age, though I must confess that I have a well-balanced mind, and part my hair religiously in the middle, and as my wife has been coaxing me for some time to go and have my fortune told, and being very anxious and concerned about it, I don't know why, I promise her to do so, and straightway go and knock at the door of the renowned Madam McDuffendoffendaffer, who is in great favor here, and am immediately invited into the office and requested to take a chair by a woman whose countenance is sharp and penetrating enough to knock the hidden mystery all out of the grindstone by first splitting it. She is so remarkably old that I not only feel that I am in the presence of the future ages, but also in the presence of the past ages.

Some tell your destiny by looking at the stars, thereby reading your title clear to fortunes in the skies: others will measure it out in little old dirty tea-cups. Some go so far as to use a deck of cards, though I don't know what kind of luck they bring, but have heard of fortunes being lost through them. But this Madam proceeds to tell mine by simply shutting her eyes and looking at me, and I feel about as comfortable as a person with a camera bearing on him while he sits for his picture-graph.

She opens her mouth—not to swallow me—but to say I have seen trouble, which is very so, as I was once troubled with fleas.

"You have loved." Yes, I used to spend all my affections on dried herrings and peanuts.

"You have lost." Right again, I lost at eucher; but it was a very quiet little game.

"You have been thrown out of a fortune." Just so, when I didn't marry a girl with an eye and a half, a red head and forty thousand dollars.

"Your path through life has been very thorny." Yes, I found it so when I used to go barefooted.

"It has also been crooked." Right, on certain uncertain occasions.

"You have been very poor." Yes, so poor that if I could have bought the City Hall for a cent I couldn't have made the first payment on the cupola.

"Then again you have been very rich."

Yes, I have frequently felt very rich.

"You have no father or mother." No, they left me an orphan when I was only forty years old.

"There are some scenes in your life which you would not like to live over."

Just so, I wouldn't like to be jilted again as I once was by a girl, but I had my revenge for I afterward married her.

"Your habits are good." I trust to my tailor for them and they always fit.

"Your memory is good." Yes, I almost recollect the last promise I ever made.

"You are a gentle husband." My wife has nearly domesticated me.

"You have been disappointed." I was disappointed this morning to find no buttons on my shirt-bosom. Wife said wash-woman had washed them all over-board, and the poor little things were drowned.

"You have seen some of your proudest hopes decay." Yes, and some of my best teeth.

"You have been married." Well, yes, that expresses it in a mild form.

"You will be married again." This had better be kept a secret from my wife.

"You will go to the penitentiary." No, I will go to Congress first.

"You will get into debt." Impossible, nobody will let me do that.

"You will then have a streak of good luck." Well, so I don't have a streak of lightning.

"You will have plenty of health." I hope so, since health is almost as good as money, and I can't have too much of either.

"You will forgive your enemies." Not until they forgive me first, you bet!

"In the journey of life you will raise fabrics in the air." You mean woolen fabrics—that is, my coat-tails?

"You will sometimes be vexed." Just so; last Sunday when I mistook the bottle of hair oil for cologne and sprinkled it over that plug suit of mine, which cost the tailor so much, I was so vexed that I kicked myself all over the house, and out the back door.

"Somebody will die and leave you a large fortune." I could force myself to submit to it.

"Your friends will multiply." I'm blest if I'll divide.

"Your days shall be without number." I think I should prefer them in a number, but, however, not numbered.

"You will cross to a foreign shore." I'd rather remain on this far-in shore.

"Returning home you will be drowned." Well I wouldn't mind it much if they would bring me to life again.

"And now you will pay me the dollar." Madam, I make it a point never to pay beforehand (always paying behindhand), and as none of these things foretold have come to pass, I will give you my note, which is good for any thing it can be used for.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORNE.

RANDOM NOTES.

If you are invited to an evening supper party, see that the invitation is worded perfectly, for a mistake in that is worse than a flaw in an indictment, and may mean a good deal more than it expresses.

Don't eat any thing for a week beforehand; this will profit you.

It will add warmth to your politeness if you wear thick clothes, the evening being hot.

Mistake some young lady for the hostess, and ask how the old gentleman and all the children are this evening. This will enhance your position from the start.

Bow to all. Miscall as few names as you find it convenient to do; say the evening is pleasant, to all—no matter how it rains; shake hands with yourself; imagine there is a chair behind you and sit down. If there happens to be no chair there, keep your seat on the floor, and say that is the way you always sit down.

If they should laugh at you, laugh at them—turning the joke.

If you have nothing to say, say it in as many words as possible.

Talk on such metaphysical subjects as the state of the weather, your last attack of the mumps, and the coming Fourth of July.

If you happen to have known the hostess's father when he was a cobbler, it would be well to mention to the company how well he used to half-sole your boots. This the hostess may not like, but will please the guests; you must prefer the many to the one.

If a young lady sings at the piano, tell her she warbles as divinely as a martingale.

Expatriate on all musical instruments, from an infant's rattle down to the corn-stalk fiddle, and thereby keep the young lady at the piano waiting and also the whole company. This will make them think you are very music-sick-al.

Talk of the music in bones—trombones.

It might be to the point to give them a little tune on the whistle.

Say all you know, and more too, about Mozart, Beethoven and company.

The guests will all render you thanks—when you quit.

At table eat; that is what you was invited for.

If the hostess says she's sorry every thing is so badly cooked, think she is lying, but don't tell her so. You'll find the cook gets more blame than she deserves.

Upset your first cup over your partner's fine blue silk.

Drop your fork, and tip up your plate in reaching for it.

Bump your head on the table as you regain your chair.

And if the guests don't find out what you are without looking at your ears it's no use in telling them more. JOE KING.

MATURE SIRENS.

NOTHING is more incomprehensible to girls than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle-aged women. They can not understand it; and nothing but experience will ever make them understand it. In their eyes, a woman is out of the pale of personal affection altogether when she has once lost the shining gloss of youth, that exquisite freshness of skin, and suppleness of limb, which, to them, in the insolent plenitude of their unfaded beauty, constitute the chief claims to admiration of their sex.

A woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and moral flexibility wholly wanting to the young. Young girls are, for the most part, all angels—harsh in their judgments, stiff in their prejudices, and narrow in their sympathies. They are full of combativeness and self-assertion if they are of one kind of young people, or they are stupid and shy if they are of another kind. They are talkative with nothing to say, and positive with nothing well and truly known; or they are monosyllabic dummies who stammer out yes or no at random, and whose brains become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity; their want of experience making them hard toward sorrows which they scarcely understand, and, let us charitably hope, to a certain extent, are ignorant of the pain they inflict.

Girls are cruel; there is no question about it. If more passive than active they are simply indifferent to the sufferings of others; if of a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain.

A girl will say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. Even her own mother she will hurt and humiliate if she can, while, as for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros, she would find means to make him wince. But all this acerbity is toned down in the mature woman. Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the sufferings of others. Her lesson of life, too, has taught her tact, and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where are the weak points and sore places in her companion, and she avoids them, or if she passes over them, it is with a hand so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing, that she calms instead of irritating.

IDLENESS A BLESSING.

THOROUGH idleness is recuperative, and therefore invaluable, even when it affords no opportunities for reflection. We do not expect any piece of machinery, except, perhaps, that of a watch, to go on without intermission; and, above all, we should take care that our mental machinery is not over-worked. Certainly, say our mentors, you ought to take out-door exercise, and so relieve the mental strain. But suppose I am a man who can get no relief but from blank indolence and lying fallow? Am I wasting my time because I take no book with me, and no pocket magnifying-glass, when I go to sprawl in an undignified position upon the warm turf by the seaside? The effort to drop a fly over a trout's nose, or the intense anxiety of watching the points of a brace of setters in a field of turnips, may demand from me a nervous concentration more exhausting than the working out of any scientific or political problem. The only rest which is really rest to me may be that helpless and ignominious indolence which is so hateful to many highly respectable people. What I insist upon is that my indolence is not a waste of time—that it is, in fact, the very best use to which I could put that space of time. And so elsewhere, and with other people. The schoolboy who is jeered by his fellows because of his habits of mooning may be cultivating either that introspective mental activity or that form of outward physical rest which is most natural to him. His indolence may teach him more than his books; though the chances are it will not, simply because he has not yet amassed sufficient material for passive contemplation. A schoolboy may waste his time; we would almost add that a grown man can not. The very laziness of a grown man is a phase of experience through which he has to pass, with little idea of the practical results it may leave behind it. Sheridan used to say that to him the most fertile period of the day was the hour which he spent in bed between waking and rising. And it is difficult in this connection not to remember a piece of advice which the laird of Dunbiedykes, on his death-bed, gave to his son. "Jock," said he, "when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing when ye're sleeping. My father told me forty sin; but I ne'er f'und time to mind him." And mental products are in this respect like trees: they grow even when we little think of them. K. J.

AFFECTION.

If we have in our gardens a choice plant, how carefully we tend it, how fearful we are lest it wither with too much heat, or be dwarfed by too much cold. Even the rains of heaven, the dew and the sunshine we think are not sufficient, but we dig about it and train it; and with what satisfaction we watch the gradual unfolding of the tiny petals! And yet this flower is a very insignificant thing compared with the germ of affection God has placed in the garden of the human heart, bidding us nourish it until it shall expand and bless our homes and the world that lies beyond their thresholds. If we fail to nourish it by unselfish acts and words of love, it will not thrive, and if it does not grow, it will die. Husbands and wives too often forget the little acts by which they won each other—forget that the chill winds of neglect will blight the tender blossoms of the heart; and so they pass on through life, never thinking what a holy thing it is to love—letting the weeds of ambition, avarice, pride and self choke all the olden tenderness away.

Many a man neglects to perform some little office of affection, with, "Oh, she's my wife now," as if she were less to his heart than the girl-love was. I have heard a wife say, when reproved because she treated her husband so indifferently, "Well, he's my husband, and it don't make any difference if I don't waste my time in these little demonstrations." Is it wasting time for those whom God hath united till death to show that they love each other? Affection is not a schoolboy impulse. It is something grand and noble, born in God's own heart, and by it humanity must be saved. In all the world there is not a more beautiful sight than that of an aged couple walking down the hillside of life, hand-in-hand—indeed, as they stood at the marriage-altar. To me there seems a holy radiance shining down on the clasped hands, bowed forms, and silver hair of these loving aged ones, who have left all the dross with the years behind them.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

CLOUDS weave the summer into the season of autumn; and youth rises from dashed hopes into the stature of a man. Well, it is even so, that the passionate dreams of youth break up and wither. Vanity becomes tempered with wholesome pride, and passion yields to the riper judgment of manhood, even as the August heats pass on and over into the genial glow of a September sun. There is a strong growth in the struggles against mortified pride; and then only does the youth get an ennobling consciousness of that manhood which is dawning in him, when he has fairly surmounted those puny vexations which a wounded vanity creates. But God manages the seasons better than we, and in a day, or an hour perhaps, the cloud will pass, and the heavens glow again upon our ungrateful heads.

MY QUEEN.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I yield my heart to Memory,
That sweet half-sorrow of the mind,
Pledging to be a subject kind,
However she may come to me;

If like the moon with golden horns,
Rising with deluges of gleams,
Or dawning dawns as the morns
That break our happy half-dreamt dreams—

Take thou my long allegiance,
A queen of all my broken past,
And be my darling to the last,
With whispers of the dead romance!

City Life Sketches.

KITTY.

The Orange-Girl.

BY AGILE PENNE.

Two young men stood together conversing on the corner of Rivington street and the Bowery.

From the appearance of the two one would be apt to conjecture that they were mechanics, and so they were. The taller of the two—the one with dark hair and eyes—was called Edwin Preston. He was a carpenter by trade. The other, who was short in stature, with blue eyes and light hair, was known as William Grange; by trade, a harness-maker.

As the two stood talking together, a girl with a basket of oranges came down Rivington street. The eyes of Preston caught sight of her.

"By Jove!" he cried, "here's Kitty the orange-girl."

"Who is she?" asked the other, to whom the girl was a stranger.

"She's a nice little body who makes a living by selling oranges," answered Preston. "She lives right opposite to my shop up the street. Her father is a poor devil soaked in whisky about all the time. He's a good workman though, when he has a mind to work, which isn't often. The child must have a hard life of it, but she doesn't seem to show it in her face, for she's a pretty little thing."

The speaker was right, for Kitty the orange-girl—the wail who found her daily bread in the very streets of the great city, as it were—was indeed pretty. She had full blue eyes and light flaxen hair, that clustered in little ringlets around her innocent, child-like face, for Kitty was a girl of fifteen, although one would scarcely guess her to be over twelve.

"I say, Kitty, I want an orange!" exclaimed Preston, as the girl approached.

A bright smile came over the girl's face as the voice of the young man fell upon her ears. She hastened to his side and held up the basket of oranges for his inspection.

"This one will do, Kitty, I think," said the young man, selecting one. "How much?"

"Nothing," replied the girl.

"Nothing!" repeated the young carpenter in astonishment.

"Yes, it is a present."

"For me?"

"Yes," replied the girl, looking into his face as if fearful that her gift would be refused.

"But that isn't right," said Preston; "you had to pay for it, Kitty, and it isn't anything but fair that I should pay you."

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Preston," replied the girl, "and I want to show my gratitude in some way. Please accept my present. I shall feel real bad if you don't."

The young carpenter could not withstand the beseeching look and tone of the orange-vender.

"Well, have it your own way, Kitty," he said, putting the orange into his pocket. "I don't want to displease you, so I accept the orange."

"That's a real good of you!" cried the girl, in delight.

"By the way, how is your father to-day?" asked Preston.

The face of the girl saddened at the question.

"Not very well, sir," she answered; "he was out all last night, and he's quite sick to-day."

The young carpenter understood very well from the girl's words that her father had been on another spree.

"It's a pity about your father," he said, kindly; "he's a good workman when he is himself. Just tell him, Kitty, that I've got a job ready for him when he feels like working."

"Oh, I'm much obliged, sir," replied the girl, a glow of gratitude flushing her face. "I hope he'll be well to-morrow. Good-by; I'll tell father." And the girl proceeded down the Bowery.

Preston watched her for a moment in silence.

"It's a confounded shame that such a good and pretty girl as she is, should be exposed to the danger of a life in the streets," he said at last, speaking with some little degree of heat.

"The girl would make a noble woman if she only had half a chance; but, as it is, her pathway through life is going to be a rough one, I'm afraid."

"She seems to think a good deal of you, judging from her actions," said his friend.

"Well, it's only natural," replied Preston. "I guess I'm about the only friend she's got in the world. She needs friends, badly. She's about the age now to be exposed to insults from all these fast young men who get their living by loafing on the corners."

"Why, it was only a day or two ago, that one of these young sports thought to have some fun at her expense, on the corner of Broome and the Bowery. Luckily, I happened to be right behind Kitty, and when he insulted her, I took him one right under the ear, and he went right into the gutter, spinning round like a top. You know, Bill, I hit pretty hard when I get my mad up. I tell you that sport didn't get after any more girls that night. He got all that he wanted, and a little more than he bargained for, I guess."

"No wonder the girl is grateful," said Grange.

"I suppose that's why she insisted upon my taking the orange. I saw by her look that it would almost break her heart if I refused, so I took it."

"By the way, Ed," said Grange, suddenly, "I heard you had some sort of a fuss last night with some of the Bowery boys. Is that so?"

"I had a fuss with a lot of thieves," re-



The Lost Lover.

A TALE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

plied Preston. "They were trying to rob an old man who was a little tight. I interfered because I like to see a fair show, and the gang went for me. It was lively for a little while, I tell you. Then one of the crowd cut me with a knife—it was only a scratch—and the rest run, but I held on to the knife fellow, and he's in the Tombs now. I'm to appear against him as a witness, tomorrow."

By this time it had grown quite dark. "They'll send him up to Sing Sing, I suppose," said Grange.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Preston. "Well, I'm going to get some supper. I'm bunking now over the shop. I've fitted up a little room there and it's just high. Drop in and see me when you're round."

And so the two parted. Preston got some supper at an eating-house; then went to his room over the carpenter-shop.

Lighting a candle the young man sat down and began to read. A knock at the door attracted his attention. Opening the door, two men walked into the room.

From their stolid faces, short hair and peculiar bull-dog-like appearance, Preston easily guessed that his visitors were far from being respectable members of society.

"Are you Mister Preston?" asked the first one of the two in a husky voice, that sounded as if the owner of the voice had a very bad cold.

"Yes," replied Preston, who was somewhat at a loss to guess the nature of the errand of his strange-looking visitors.

"My name is Joe Cole, and this is my pard, Mickey Cantlin," said the stranger.

"Well, do you want to see me?" asked Preston.

"In course we does; nothin' shorter!" replied Mr. Joe Cole, with a grin. "Both on us are pards of Jim Banty, that's the cove wot's locked up in the Tombs for saultin' you with a knife."

"Oh," Preston began to have a dim suspicion what his visitors wanted now.

"It's kinder rough on the boy to be locked up for a bit of fun, you know," said the rough.

"Do you call sticking a knife into a man a bit of fun?" asked Preston, indignantly.

"How could he help himself? Wasn't you wellin' blue blazes out of him? Why he's got two of the awfulest black eyes you ever did see! It was a free fight, you know," said the rough, trying to explain away the affair.

"Yes, I should say it was a free fight. There was about six of you on me."

"Well, you walloped the crowd—what more does you want? Ain't that enough?" asked the short-haired rough.

"See here, what do you want of me?" demanded Preston. "I suppose you want something?"

"Well, now, you've got a head on your shoulders, blessed if you hain't!" cried the rough, in admiration.

"Spit it out—what do you want?" exclaimed Preston impatiently.

"Exactly! I'm a-comin' to it," replied Joe. "Now, here's Banty been a-locked up for that sault, an' if you 'pears ag'in' him, they'll sock the sentence to him heavy, 'cos the judge is always talkin' 'bout makin' an example. Now, me an' my pard—that's this chap here, governor—thought as how if we talked the matter over with you, that you wouldn't be hard on Banty; an' the long an' the short of it is, we'll give you fifty dollars to let up on Banty—not to 'pear ag'in' him. You kin go out of town, an', of course, if there ain't any witness, Banty'll be discharged."

"Oh, you want to buy me off, eh?" asked Preston.

"That's the ticket!" cried the rough. "I told my pard here, that you'd do the square thing."

"Then I'm not to appear against this friend of yours?"

"Ex-actly."

"I'll see you hanged first!" exclaimed Preston, indignantly.

"Wot?" cried the astonished rough.

"Fifty dollars!" said the young carpenter, in a rage; "you couldn't buy me off for a thousand. Just so sure as I live, I'll go in to the witness-box, and if my evidence will do it, your 'pard' will go up the river."

"Then you won't let Banty off?"

"No," replied Preston, firmly.

The next instant the two roughs flung themselves upon the young man. With a straight right-hander the rough, Joe, was knocked clean off his legs and landed in the corner, but the second rough closed in with the young carpenter and applied a sponge saturated with chloroform to his nostrils.

For a few seconds Preston endeavored to free himself, but the potent drug overpowered his senses, and at last he sunk, helpless, to the floor.

The two roughs produced stout cords and bound the helpless man securely. After they had finished, the victim could not move hand or foot.

"I guess you won't give no evidence to-morrow ag'in' Banty," said Joe, with a malicious smile, after Preston was securely bound. The deep gash cut in the cheek of the rough by the knuckles of the carpenter, and which bled profusely, did not tend to the improvement of Joe's naturally ugly face.

Then the two left the room, and locked the door securely behind them.

In about a quarter of an hour after the departure of the two, Preston regained his senses. For a moment he was bewildered by the position in which he found himself, but soon he remembered all, though he could not guess what object the roughs had in view in doing what they had done.

But soon the truth flashed upon him, for dense smoke came pouring up from the workshop below, and to his ear came the crackling of flames. The roughs had fired his shop to destroy the witness against their friend. Oh! the agony of that moment!

Then the door was opened suddenly—the roughs had left the key in the lock—and Kitty, the orange-girl, came like an angel of heaven to the rescue of the helpless man!

Preston was saved!

Kitty had been attracted from her home, opposite, by the fire.

Preston did appear as a witness, and Banty got five years at Sing Sing.

Preston could only think of one way to repay the service Kitty had done him, and that was to give her the life she had saved.

In time the orange-girl became the wife of the young carpenter. Her path henceforth was in the sunshine of a pure and holy love.

A STARTLING DOMESTIC DRAMA!

Among the surprises in store for our readers is a romance of city and country, whose story and characters are alike strange, exciting, vivid and startling. It will be commenced soon.

It was the very height of the season of '63, at Long Branch, and the tidal wave of annual pleasure and enjoyment—as, alas! also of folly and reckless extravagance—had reached its culminating point. The terrible cloud that hung over the nation a month before, creeping with its warning shadow even into the gilded halls of the most thoughtless butterflies of society, had been dispelled by the victory of Meade at Gettysburg, and the brilliant campaign and capture of Vicksburg, by Grant. Defeat and gloom had given place to victory and rejoicing, and the nation could afford to breathe freely again.

But alas! amid all the rejoicing and glory, amid the joyful pealing of bells and the booming of cannon, upon how many a broken heart, and around how many a once happy home, came down the gloom of eternal night and ceaseless sorrow! Far off from those grieving hearts and desolate homes, away there, with the light earth of the Pennsylvania hills or the deep alluvium of the Vicksburg trenches scarce covering their heroic forms, lay many, oh! how many a prized one, "somebody's darling," forever, ever lost on earth to the sorrowing ones at home. Silent forever the familiar voice; gone the loving glance of the faithful eyes; the pressure of the warm lips, the grasp of the manly hand—all dead, cold, lost, forever lost—brother, son, friend, and lover "dearer than all." Oh, nation! saved with such a legacy of woe, be faithful to their memory; scatter early flowers on their lone silent graves; and let all—the humblest soft-cheeked drummer-boy, as well as the gray-haired leader of corps or regiment—be enshrined forever on thy battle-roll of heroes, and honored with never-ending gratitude.

Then, as time softens down the cruel grief for their loss, there will be a flash of pride in the moistening eyes, as the dear one's name is mentioned, and the tremulous voice of ever-faithful woman will say, responding to some inquiring friend: "Yes; that was Harry's favorite book (picture, or skates, or gun); you know he fell at Gettysburg, poor, darling boy!"

In great New York city, the toiling masses, the workers for life and daily bread,

and the workers from mere habit of work or greed of gain, were sweltering under an August sun; while but one short hour's travel from Wall street and its "golden calf"—on the shaded balcony of the Howland House, at Long Branch—the bright auburn hair of Miss Lizzie More, and the dark, luxuriant locks of her Southern friend, Miss Benson, were gently stirred by the cool breeze coming in from the Atlantic ocean.

There was not only a very different existence, but a very charming one; at least, so thought Miss More as she gazed over the far-reaching sea, her blue eyes fixed with most remarkable earnestness, seemingly, on a noble ship with all sails set, working its way toward a port.

Her eyes may have been on this ship—but her thoughts, ah! who can tell the vagaries of a young girl's thoughts, as she sits by the beach at Long Branch?

Whatever they were, they had kept her silent for a period of more than ten minutes. This silence was somewhat remarkable too, for within a radius of not more than three yards from her chair, not only was her bosom-friend, Hortense Benson, seated, but two elaborately dressed young men were balancing themselves on the hind-legs of the rather rickety hotel-chairs, puffing clouds of cigar-smoke (by permission of the ladies) and to the delight of themselves.

But Miss More's reverie came to an end, as the book she was holding fell from her hand; and she said, with a blush:

"I wonder when the next train will be in? I expect brother Alf down to-day. He is coming to stay a week or two, and is to bring with him a friend, an officer in our army, who was badly wounded some time ago. Alf has been ill himself, and has procured a few weeks' leave to recruit his strength."

"Your brother and I were in the 'Seventh' together, Miss More," said one of the chair-balanceers. "I never can forget him. On the way to Washington, in '61, he was the life of our regiment; and I believe his droleries kept many a poor fellow from fairly dying out during that hungry march. Where has he been serving since?"

"In Kentucky, with the—th corps. I believe in the neighborhood of your uncle's place, Hortense. Kenwood House is near Greensburg, is it not?"

"Kenwood House is near Greensburg," answered Miss Benson, fixing a pair of sad dark eyes on her friend's merry blue ones; "its ruins are yet."

"It's ruins!" exclaimed Miss More. "Do you mean to tell us the house has been destroyed?"

"Yes; nearly a year ago. When last I saw it, there was a Federal battery upon the lawn, where you used to disport yourself, dear Lizzie, in the happy old days. The house, after being riddled with Confederate shells, finally took fire, and burned to the ground."

"Why, Hortense, you never told me this before. How I pity you, and how—"

"That was the reason I didn't tell you," interrupted Miss Benson, with a sad smile. "You know we Southrons are so proud to court compassion. I am only one among the thousands who have suffered in the South, and perhaps some in the North, too, for the matter of that." While speaking, she bent over to her fair-haired friend and whispered: "Are you certain that this wound of your brother's comrade is the sole cause of your sympathy for him?"

"Nonsense!" said Miss More, coloring. "I never saw Colonel Fentress more than a half-dozen times. Come, Hortense; let us take a stroll on the beach."

Saying this, she threw her summer hat quickly over her auburn hair and started up from her chair, though the adroit movement did not altogether conceal the blush that suffused her cheeks.

The two young ladies had been inseparable friends and bosom confidants for the last half-dozen years. They had been classmates in the same Northern school. But, unlike a great many school-friendships, theirs did not terminate as the gates of the "Institute" closed behind them, and they went their different ways in life; since a constant correspondence and loyal attachment had been kept up between them. They were both beautiful; but of so different a kind of beauty, that jealousy on this score could never have arisen between them.

Lizzie More was a vivacious, light-hearted little blonde, while her Southern friend was the very opposite—a brunette of serious temperament, with a slumbering mine of impetuous feeling that, at intervals, glanced out from her grand black eyes. Poor girl! her life for the last few years had been full of somber and sad episodes. A Kentuckian by birth, all her family ties had been torn ruthlessly apart by the rebellion raging in the South. Her parents dying while she was a mere child, she had been adopted by a rich uncle, a violent and leading secessionist of that State. His treason cost him his life,

could turn his horse to retreat—the pale leader, with presented pistol, crying out, "Surrender!"

But surrender never entered into the mind of the dashing Confederate captain. What! yield up like a coward, and before the eyes of his mistress? He saw her standing with her pale face pressed to the window-pane, fearless for herself—but oh! with what terror and anxiety for the gray horseman outside!

"Surrender? There!" cried he, as he fired his pistol in the face of the advancing foe. But his aim was at fault; their leader was unhurt; and with a few bounds his horse was by the side of Godfrey's, and his hand, firm and strong as a vice, grasped the embroidered collar of the rebel's coat. At that instant a shot was fired, and, with a loud cry, the Confederate captain fell to the earth, where he lay still and motionless as in death.

There was an answering shriek, and the pale face disappeared from the window!

About a year after this afflicting episode, Hortense Benson received a pressing invitation from her old school-companion, Lizzie More, to spend the summer with her; hence their presence together on the gay beach at Long Branch.

When the ladies returned from their stroll, the train was reported coming in, and they seated themselves on the piazza to await the arrivals.

"Yes, yonder's Alf!" cried his sister, springing from her chair; "that's Alf in the hack, waving a handkerchief! Don't you see, Hortense? I must go and meet him!"

And she ran along the corridor, and down to the graveled walk.

"Come, colonel, here's Lizzie! Get out and be active; we'll have you dancing a polka in a week," said Major More, as he met his sister on the hotel steps, kissing her while he spoke.

"I trust so," replied Fentress, "but if you do, you can lay claim to more skill than old Doctor Rock, who says my dancing for a long time will be 'Indian measure,' on one leg. Miss More, I'm so happy to see you again!"

This last was delivered in a different tone of voice, and in a much lower key.

When Hortense Benson caught sight of the new arrivals from an upper balcony to which she had retired, a sudden cry escaped her, as from some intense but suppressed feeling. Then, grasping the balustrade, she

looked over it, her cheeks pale as death, and her large lustrous eyes fixed with a wild look on the face of Colonel Fentress. Hate and horror seemed to struggle for mastery of expression; then, with a loud cry, she sunk down on a seat that chanced to be behind her, covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out some hideous sight!

In an instant her friend was on the balcony beside her.

"Dear Hortense!" she cried, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Yes, deadly ill—oh, my God! that monster! Take me to my room—let me leave this place!"

And she sprang up from the chair and rushed back through the hallway.

Miss More gazed after her friend, speechless with astonishment.

"What is the matter with Miss Benson?" inquired her brother, who had also ascended the stairs; "is she ill, Lizzie? By Jove, she did not even look at me, as she passed me in the hall."

"Who is the lady?" asked Colonel Fentress. "I only wish I could run as fast as she."

"An old friend of ours," answered Miss More, recovering from her astonishment. "Her name is Hortense Benson; she is a Kentuckian, and—"

"A rebel, I presume," interrupted Fentress, with a smile. "It must have been the sight of my uniform that startled her. But, surely, my limp should have been an offset. Seeing that, should be some satisfaction to her."

"She has no prejudice against your uniform, I assure you," replied Miss More; "her own brother wears the same. I can not tell why she has acted so; but I must go and see what has become of her."

Miss More found Miss Benson in her own room seated upon a sofa-couch, and sobbing convulsively. Gliding up to her, and placing an arm around her neck, she said:

"Hortense, tell me, what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, that monster—that fiend!" cried Hortense, starting from her prostrate position, her hands clenched and all the passion of her nature flashing out from her dark eyes. "I hate him—I could kill him! Yes, kill him as he murdered my poor Harry!"

Then, dropping back upon the couch, she laid her head on its pillow, while her grief found vent in passionate tears.

"Who is this monster?" asked her friend, more astonished than ever. "Of whom are you speaking, Hortense?"

"Oh, Lizzie! Lizzie! why did you ask me to come here? Why did you ever bring me into the presence of such a wretch?"

"A monster, a fiend, a wretch? Dear Hortense, it is terrible to hear you talk so. Whom are you speaking of?"

"Who?" cried the Southern girl, again starting up, "who but that friend of your brother? I would know his murderous face in a thousand; it was he who shot down poor Harry before my eyes—and oh! so cruelly, too—the cowards, when they might have captured him, for he was but one amongst a crowd of his murderers!"

"What!" cried Lizzie More, "Colonel Fentress the man who killed Captain Godfrey?"

"Yes, yes! I knew him the moment I saw him. He killed—shot him down before my very face!"

"You are mad, Hortense!" retorted Miss More, her face flushing, and her blue eyes shining angrily; "Fentress is a brave and honorable soldier—as brave and as honorable as any Southern ever was, and one who could not be guilty of a cowardly act."

"I tell you," cried Miss Benson, passionately, "he may be noble, brave and honorable to you; but I know him only as a coward, a cold-blooded assassin. Go, ask your chivalrous knight," she said, bitterly, "if he is not the one who shot a young officer, in Baysville, that was a prisoner in his grasp. If he says no, I'll tell him to his face he is a liar as well as a murderer!"

The grief of the young girl had made her reckless; and she raised her clenched hand in the air as if it held a dagger.

"I would not insult Colonel Fentress by asking him such a question," said Miss More, also with angry energy; "he never injured mortal in his life, except in fair and open warfare, as any brave soldier would."

"Do you call that honorable warfare, Lizzie More; twenty to one, and then showing no mercy? It was a murderous act. Harry Godfrey could not escape. I saw him shot down, and heard his dying groan; and that Colonel Fentress did it, I call Heaven to witness. And oh! he was so good, so noble; and I am so wretched now!"

The poor girl again dropped upon the couch, and wept as if her heart would break.

"Dear dear Hortense," cried her friend, clasping her by both hands, "if Fentress did such a deed as that—if he killed Godfrey as you say he did—I shall never speak to him again; much less—oh! it can not be! I shall go ask him about it. There must be some mistake. I know and feel there is. He could not have done such a thing. Do not believe it, Hortense!"

Saying this, she bent down; imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of her sorrowing friend, and then hurried out of the chamber.

Major More and Colonel Fentress were still on the balcony when she passed out from Miss Benson's room. They saw that she was pale and looked troubled. Her brother even asked her if she was ill. She only answered "No," and sat down beside them.

"Colonel Fentress," she said, "do you know a place called Baysville, in Kentucky?"

"Baysville!" repeated the colonel, looking with some astonishment in the face of his fair questioner. "Oh! yes; I remember. We occupied it, last fall, for a short time after our advance southward. I believe I was the first Yankee that set foot in its streets."

"And you captured a Confederate officer there, did you not?"

"More than one; we captured several of them in the place you speak of."

"But there was one who was taken coming out of a cottage; he was first made prisoner, and then shot?"

"Ah! yes, poor Godfrey; I took him myself; he was shot in the spine. It was a terrible wound. Alf, did I ever tell you about it? The surgeons say not one man in a thousand could have got over it."

"Who fired the shot?" asked Miss More, in a trembling voice.

"We never knew that. I think it must have been one of his own men, as one of mine was wounded at the same time."

"She thinks you did it!" cried Lizzie More, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Who thinks I did it?" asked the colonel, with a look of amazement.

"Hortense Benson. She was in Baysville at the time, and says she saw you capture Harry Godfrey, and then kill him."

"Kill him? Kill Harry Godfrey? Why, I saw him alive less than a month ago."

"Alive!" screamed the young lady, so loud that the saunterers on the piazza turned and looked at her in wonder. "Alive! Harry Godfrey alive! and in her excitement, she seized hold of Colonel Fentress' arm."

Major More, who had been an astonished listener to the dialogue, gave a low whistle, and caught his sister by the disengaged hand.

"For heaven's sake, Lizzie," he asked, "what's this all about? Tell an unlightened savage, so that he may weep with you, if needful!"

"Oh, Alf! Alf!" she cried, "don't you know? Harry Godfrey was poor Hortense's dearest friend—her fiancé, in fact. Lizzie added, blushing and looking down. "She thinks him dead; has mourned him so this many a day! And now Colonel Fentress says he is alive! Colonel, are you sure what you say is so? Are you sure of it?"

"I am sure of this much," he replied, "of having captured a rebel officer in Baysville, as he was coming out of a cottage; of his sending a bullet close to my head, because I called upon him to surrender; of his being shot, as I grasped him by the collar; and of his dropping from his horse, a dead man, as I imagined, of my leaving him, and riding out, my wish being to follow living rebels and leave the dead or wounded to others; and lastly, of my meeting him again alive, on board a steamer in the Cumberland river, on her way to Cincinnati—taking him, along with our own wounded, to the hospital. Godfrey's was a curious case; he was shot in the spine; and it had paralyzed his arms and deprived him of speech, so that, for a long time, he remained in that state, though I believe he is now getting over it. So, Miss More, if my Baysville captive should chance to be your friend's fiancé—but stop! what am I thinking about? I've got the fellow's portrait!"

"Where? Where?"

"Among my traps. I'll go get it."

Saying this, the colonel started toward the room that had been assigned to him.

He soon returned, holding in his hand a *carte-de-visite*, which Miss More fairly snatched out of his grasp, and then ran away without looking at it.

"Why, Fentress," said his friend, "this beats the 'Romance of the Forest.' The Kentuckian brunette must have recognized you as the 'slayer' of her knight, and that's why she retreated with such precipitation."



THE LOST LOVER.



"Poor Godfrey!" replied Fentress, "he is not dead, but his fighting days are numbered. Fortunately for him, our surgeon, under whose care he chanced, was a Kentuckian and an old school-fellow. He treated him tenderly as a brother, and, by great skill, succeeded in making a cure of him. He is injured for life, of course; but when I saw him, last month, he was getting on famously, though he can not use his hands as yet. He was rather low-spirited, it is true; but that was because he could learn nothing of his Southern friends—Miss Benson, I presume, among the number."

When Miss More re-entered the bed-chamber, Hortense was combing her hair before the glass, her pale face contrasting with the coal-black tresses.

Her friend, now quite hysterical with excitement, glided up, and throwing both arms around her neck, cried out:

"Dearest Hortense, he's alive! he's alive! Your Harry still lives!"

The comb dropped from the hand of Hortense; she grasped Lizzie by the wrist, as if rudely, and held her at a distance—her jet-black eyes flashing, her throat swelling, and her foot angrily stamping! Then catching sight of the photograph, she gave a strange cry, looked at the portrait for a second with eyeballs as if starting from their sockets, and fell swooning to the floor.

A few months after, Harry Godfrey, a crippled and paroled prisoner, sailed for Europe, taking along with him a very tender nurse in the person of his wife, Miss Benson—that was.

The story of his supposed death was this: When he fell, almost mortally wounded, in the streets of Baysville, his sweetheart had fainted away at the sight. Her aunt, entering the room, found her lying on the floor. Meanwhile, the "Yanks" had swept through, and passed far beyond, leaving a large force to occupy the village. By these, the dead and wounded had all been removed, before Hortense, crazed with grief at her lover's fate, had deputed her aunt to go and see what had become of his body.

Upon inquiry, she learned that the dead had all been buried, and that an officer answering to the description of Captain Godfrey had been interred with the rest. Indeed, to remove all doubt, she received from the officer who had charge of the burying-party, Godfrey's watch, upon which were engraved the initials of his name; as also his notebook—both were found upon the body. What could have been more undoubted proof of his death?

But it so happened that, on the morning when Captain Godfrey rode into Baysville for the last time, he had given over his watch and note-book to the lieutenant of the troop, for a special purpose. This officer had been killed when the first firing took place; while Harry himself, found still living, had been removed to the field-hospital some miles in the rear; and next day was sent by his friend, the Kentucky surgeon, to a hospital steamboat lying in the Cumberland river.

The dangerous nature of his wound for a long time hindered all communication with his friends; and so assured had they become of his death, that no further inquiry was made concerning him.

Thus it happened that Hortense's lost lover, mourned by her as lost for ever, was restored to her arms—there to be clasped with the fond affection of a bride.

The Shadowed Heart: OR, THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.
AUTHOR OF THE "IRON MASK," "SCARLET CRESSNET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. MUTUAL FRIENDS.

THE walk from Rose Cottage to the Grange was not the most delightful lovers' promenade ever enjoyed.

The moment Maude and George had passed beyond the gate that led from Mr. Tressell's little flower-garden to the country road, she turned unhesitatingly toward him.

"George, take your ring; I return you your troth; we are free!"

He saw the outstretched hand holding the heavy circlet he had placed on the slender finger a few weeks before, but he glanced in sheer amazement from it to her face.

"Maude, what does it mean? Why do you return me my ring, my liberty?"

His eyes eagerly searched her lofty face, and she met his look.

"You ask me *why*, George? Do you not know?"

"I protest I do not. Have I, in word or deed"—he almost added "*thought*"—"done any thing to call for this sudden termination of our engagement?"

"Have you?"

She only turned his question on himself.

Despite his efforts, a scarlet hue crept to his cheek, for he remembered Ida.

"There is no possible use for us to pretend ignorance longer, George, concerning this love affair. You do not care for me, and you have said I do not care for you. Be that as it may, the only alternative is to annul our betrothal."

"You say, 'be that as it may,' Maude,

meaning your regard for another. Tell me, do you desire to break our engagement? Tell me truly."

Her eyes fell before his earnest gaze, and the delicate color faded and then glowed on her cheeks again. He took her hand tenderly.

"We are friends, the best of friends, Maude; therefore let us, in a friendly manner, discuss this subject fully. You offer me my ring, thus annulling our vows. I ask you in all sincerity, in all kindness, *why*?"

His tones were low and soothing, and as Maude listened, she wondered if, after all, Helen had been mistaken.

"George, I will answer you as fully as I am able. I think—nay, I know—you love another better than you love me. That alone is a sufficient inducement to urge me to break the engagement. Besides, you should be preserved from marrying the woman you in your soul believe is cherishing some one that is not yourself. These are my reasons."

While she was speaking a new light had slowly illumined his dark eyes; as she finished, an angry flame burned in them.

"Maude Elverson, let your accusation be your accuser. You say I believe you cherish another where I should be regarded. Maude, I never said it—but, Maude, I ask—do you not?"

Her truthful eyes fell beneath his piercing glance.

"Confess to me, first, your affection for Ida Tressell."

He started at mention of her name.

"Ida Tressell! Maude, what do you know of her?"

"That she is pretty and ladylike; a girl that any man might be proud to woo and win."

She followed her prompt words by her rare smile.

"George Casselmaine, Ida Tressell is worthy of you. Were she the heiress of broad lands and a grand estate, she would be sought by the proudest of our citizens. As it is, he who has the courage to take her from comparative poverty and obscurity, and place her on his level of influence, will never regret the day he does it."

George still toyed with her white fingers as they walked slowly along.

"She loves you, too; it is written on every line of her face. I give you your full liberty, friend George. Now, take this ring and place it on Ida's finger."

Again she handed it to him, but he refused it.

"You are generous, womanly, Maude, and I admire you as I never did before. In return, may I question you as closely?"

She made no reply, but he inferred from her demeanor that Helen Joyce had spoken truly when she said Maude thought a great deal of Frederic Trevlyn.

"Let me ask, Maude, in the same charitable spirit that has characterized our interview, if you do not love, a thousand-fold more than me, the handsome owner of the marble building yonder?"

He pointed to the gleaming observatory of the Archery, so like a white cloud among the green tree-tops.

Maude's heart gave a great bound, then seemed stilled to suffocation. She felt the decisive moment had come, and with her own hand she would now remove the barrier existing between Frederic Trevlyn and herself.

Not for worlds would she have broken her engagement with Casselmaine had she never heard from Helen Joyce the words the reader remembers; and now that both were mutually offering their best affections at other shrines, she rejoiced inwardly at the knowledge.

Yet the maidenly blush of modesty sprang to her fair white neck and face as the question reminded her that she must confess a love never yet asked of her, if she would answer him as candidly as she knew he expected. But a happy light gleamed in her lovely eyes, for, although unspoken, she knew Frederic loved her.

"George," she returned, at length, after a long pause, while the autumn wind sighed melodiously through the branches over them, "George, I will acknowledge it to you. I open my whole heart to you. You will sacredly guard my precious secret, will you not? George, I do love, with all my heart, all my might, Frederic Trevlyn."

He held her hand, and grasped it warmly.

"My dear Maude, your sweet confidence demands my heartfelt answer—that, though I resign one of the noblest women living, I claim for my bride her I love best and fondest."

He kissed her hand respectfully, and then their embarrassment was over.

"It is a strange affair, this mutual retreating from each other. But both of us will be happier, Maude, far happier. You with your chosen one, I with my darling Ida. Yet we are friends, true friends, and will be forever."

She assured him on the subject, as she, for the last time, offered him the ring.

"I take it, a pledge of friendship from you; a token of love for another."

The sound of approaching footsteps disturbed them. Maude turned, and a sudden bloom on her face told George who was approaching them.

Frederic Trevlyn rapidly neared them, and just as he reached them, Helen Joyce came up by a shorter route, and the quartette entered the Grange gates.

CHAPTER XIX. TEMPTED.

NEVER had Maude Elverson been more bewitchingly beautiful than she appeared that afternoon, and as her stern, silent lover gazed after her graceful form, his heart grew cold and faint when he remembered her charms were not for him.

The excitement of her recent interview with George Casselmaine had lent a happy light to her beautiful eyes, and heightened the rich bloom on her cheek, while every pulsation of her heart throbbled to the tune of freedom to love whom she pleased.

In her blissfulness, she felt assured that now, when Frederic Trevlyn knew George had released her, he would fly to her side, and speak the words she was so anxious to hear.

His determination had solemnly been to hold no more communication with her, for he fully realized his inability to meet the fierce temptation that came upon him in her presence; and his mood grew sterner and sterner every passing moment, while Maude became more and more bewilderingly charming.

Casselmaine could not but detect Trevlyn's agitation, and, in the fullness of his heart, no less than a fervent desire to serve Maude to the utmost of his power, he resolved to seek an interview with him.

A sudden summons from Mrs. Elverson to the ladies favored him in his purpose, and, without any preliminary skirmish, he at once addressed Trevlyn.

Frederic had watched Maude narrowly when she left the room, and his gaze was still on the vacant spot she had occupied, when Casselmaine spoke to him.

"Mr. Trevlyn, will you pardon my seeming boldness if I ask you if Miss Elverson is not very dear to you?"

A haughty bend of his head and a fierce gleam in his eyes was the answer Frederic vouchsafed.

"Do not be affronted, I beg, for, believe me, my sole object is your happiness and her own."

"My happiness and hers, Mr. Casselmaine? What can we two possibly have in common?"

"That I can not undertake to say. I merely, as a true friend and well-wisher, and not as Miss Elverson's lover, mention to you that I shall not stand in your way of winning her."

A bright smile, preceded by a struggle in his inmost soul, lighted Frederic's pale face, and he extended his hand enthusiastically.

"Thank you, thank you. You have then released her, because—because *what*?" he asked, suddenly.

"Because both our welfares demand it. Because Maude Elverson does not love me—because she loves another, and because I love another."

"Sufficient reasons, I should say, for your actions. But you must be a strange man, to not love, worship her."

Casselmaine returned his glance with a smile.

"You are not grieved, Mr. Trevlyn, that such is the case?"

Trevlyn arose from his chair in desperation. Never before had the temptation come so overwhelmingly upon him to cast aside the fetters that cruelly chained him down.

He walked rapidly to and fro, torn by these violent emotions, in which the right was sure to come up, if not for a long while; if the wrong were indulged first, the right was sure to finally reign. Suddenly he caught George's hand.

"She is the star of my stormy existence, the idol of my lonely life. And yet I dare not, oh, my God, I dare not win her!"

On his forehead stood great drops of perspiration, as he wrung Casselmaine's hand, who returned the fierce pressure in sympathetic pity.

"I do not presume to refute your words, Mr. Trevlyn, but I certainly may be allowed to assure you that your success will be certain. I will not betray confidence, even to relieve your apprehensions, but I am positive you will never regret, if you woo and win Maude Elverson."

"I know she loves me—can not my loving eyes read her heart? Did not my soul predict these long agonies long weeks ago, when first I knew her? Sir, I have sat by, and with scorching heart and freezing brain saw her lovely hand rest in yours, noted the bewildering intoxication of her smile, the glorious sunshine of her eyes. I have seen all this, and cursed myself that I was not the happy lover of this peerless woman."

His voice grew husky with the storm raging within, and he bowed his head on his clasped hands.

"You say yours has been a loveless, listless life; then why, when this glorious ray of sunshine comes to gladden and cheer the gloom, do you refuse to accept it? Why grope deeper into the night-shades, when, at your bidding, the noonday sun will illumine your path?"

"Oh, do not tempt me! you know not what you say! Maude is not for me; she is too good, too pure, too holy for me."

Casselmaine heard the groan that issued from his pallid lips, but he turned coldly away.

"I will not intrude further. But if Maude Elverson's affections are crushed forever through your stubborn will or false pride, you will be the wretched cause."

Trevlyn raised his head to look after

him, and a smile, icy and bitter, played on his handsome face.

"Stubborn will—false pride!—oh, heavens, if that were all!"

From the room adjoining came the musical melody of Maude's voice, as her merry laugh sounded through the open casement.

He listened greedily.

"Why should I, as he said, cast off the last chance of happiness left to me? Why should I suffer for another's sins?"

The wayward thoughts *would* rankle in his heart, and, we must confess, found an abundant entrance there. His better nature hovered hesitatingly over him, while into his soul crept the longing for the forbidden joys he craved.

"Yes," he said, and his eye gleamed wildly as he reviewed the scene before him, "I will be no fool to grope in this useless gloom, when Maude Elverson's hand will guide me."

He would woo her; he would kiss her as his eager heart said he would be kissed. He would pour his love-words in her ear, and listen to her murmuring avowal.

And then—?

Then he was not Frederic Trevlyn, noble, upright, honorable; he was a sinful man, deserted by his guardian spirit, led at will by his wicked human heart.

CHAPTER XX. THE FLOOD TIDE.

THANKS to good Mrs. Holcombe's management, the splendid apartments of the Archery were in their best condition for the reception of the dozen guests who accepted Frederic Trevlyn's invitation.

The affair was an unparalleled one in the annals of his history among them. Since his sojourn there, two years before, he had never opened his house to a guest, traveler or friend, and the only stranger who ever entered the marble walls had been, in the first year of his residence there, a beautiful woman of fairy-like appearance, who need not be the mystery to our reader which she was to the neighbors, for Clare Trevlyn, until Mrs. Holcombe's days, had frequently visited her husband's home.

It had been under an assumed name, and for brief periods, that Frederic Trevlyn allowed her to come. After a time he had grown to distrust her more and more, and all communication was stopped.

No one had invaded his privacy for many a long day, and now the families in the vicinity were rejoicing over his change of mind.

Carpenters had been at work during the fortnight previous, and upholsters from the city had superintended several of the rooms, and now its stern, haughty owner walked carelessly to and fro in the long, marble-floored hall.

"I am thankful the Grange party promised to be present first," he repeated, his attention directed toward the road by which they would arrive. He had been in a state of feverish excitement ever since his interview the day but one before with George Casselmaine, and as the hour approached when he knew he would tell Maude his love, he became intolerably restless.

At four o'clock they came, the dignified doctor and his elegant wife, George Casselmaine and Maude.

Maude's dress was superlatively becoming; a simple white Marseilles, with a natural rosebud at the lace collar, and a second in the luxuriant masses of her hair.

She was bewilderingly gracious, too, and her lover gazed rapturously upon her eloquent face.

"The Archery is a most delightful place, Mr. Trevlyn—just the ideal spot of mine, where one might forever pass his days in perfect, perpetual happiness."

Frederic looked wonderingly at her. Was it possible she had thus opened a chance for his avowal? He decided instantly as he looked at her admiring face as it viewed the beauteous objects that met them at every turn.

He essayed to speak, but his language failed him, and silently he walked on beside her. They were alone, entirely alone, in his rare garden, where flowers and perfumes mingled their beauty.

The air was soft and balmy; the sunshine shone goldenly blue, and hung in misty radiance over the landscape.

These lovely attributes of nature were not without their effect upon the two, as, arm-in-arm, they walked along the box-bordered path.

Abruptly, almost fiercely, Frederic Trevlyn loosed Maude's arm, and stepped before her.

"Maude Elverson, did you know I loved you?"

He had not uttered the words, ere he would have given worlds to have recalled them. Instantly he regretted the lawless passion that gave them birth, and could he have done so, would have annihilated them forever.

But Maude?

Those magic words thrilled her to her very soul. She drooped her beautiful eyes, and the rich color deepened on her glowing cheeks. Unconsciously her hand stole to meet his, and the desperate clasp of his own made her shiver with the pain he inflicted.

"Frederic, I do know—"

She laid her disengaged hand on his shoulder, and raised her love-lit eyes to his, so full of joyous truth.

What could he do? What should he do? She was like a siren, urging him to

certain destruction. Never before had his temptation taken this form—the form of Maude Elverson herself, pleading her own cause. His position was particularly perilous; momentarily he regretted the words his lips had spoken, and as he regretted he loved the more. He desired *now* to resist the temptation, and yet seemed determined to court it.

Maude would be his; Maude loved him! Oh, the tormenting, exquisite agony of *that*: she loved him! No one could accuse him of sin—at least until he had put oceans between them: what, therefore, hindered this blissful cup of joy being pressed to his starved lips? A calm, yet thundering voice in his ears whispered that he was charterless, compassless. Why be driven about on this wild sea of passion, with no guide, no polar star? Why not listen to the soothing of conscience, and obey her dictates?

Why—another monitor whispered—destroy Maude's eternal happiness, why blast Clare's last hope, why ruin his own soul—all for this?

"Only this!" he thought, "*only this*!" and his anguished heart, amid all its stragglings, knew that the road to final happiness did not lay thitherward.

"Maude, I—"

He was interrupted by George Casselmaine, who suddenly appeared before them.

"Forgive me, my friends, for hearing your conversation. Although I unavoidably was compelled to be a listener, I think you both know no one rejoices more over your mutual love than I. God bless you, keep you, and make you a comfort to each other!"

Before either Maude or Frederic could reply he was gone, and Maude smiled as she saw him take the road to Rose Cottage.

Other guests that moment arrived, and they were compelled to part.

"God help me!" he whispered, fervently, as he wrung her hand, and out from his aching heart went more pity for her, the gentle, loving, trusting girl, than sorrow for himself.

The greatest danger had passed. Maude left him to return to her mother, flushed and deliciously happy. He to receive his guests and maintain the honor of his character as host.

Good angels and bad angels had toiled for the supremacy, and, thanks to the Higher Power who ever hears the agonized prayer of the tempted—be that temptation great or small—truth, duty, honor and right had prevailed, and after his daily visit to the velvet-curtained recess, whither he repaired for a few stolen moments after his interview with Maude—a period spent on bended knee—he came forth strengthened, purified.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.
NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

THERE is no more terrible affliction than one of those unexpected losses which come upon us with the stunning effect of a thunderbolt. It is dreadful to note the slow wasting away of the being we most love, until that dread hour comes, when the spirit departs, and we are left solitary and alone on the bleak shore of life. But, then, we are prepared. Far different is the suffering of a mother, whose child is struck down by some fatal accident in the pride of his youth and beauty, when she has at least had the consolation of devoting her self-denying and earnest love to smooth the awful passage from this world to the next.

While recovering from my illness, it never entered into my calculations to think of the time when I should be separated from this fair being, who had been sent unto me, as Eve unto Adam in Eden, for a consolation and a comfort. All my speculative arrangements for the future were based on the supposition that she was to be my companion. And now I was again not only alone, but alone in a desperate and unhappy mood of mind.

How far my feelings had overcome me, may be judged from the fact that I could not even pray for consolation in my affliction. My soul was in arms against all and every thing.

I rose from my knees sullen, angry, full of evil thoughts and designs, to say nothing of regrets. Thank Heaven, I lived to repent in days far away those wicked suggestions of the enemy of man which assailed me now, as well as to understand the motive of much that now was mysterious!

That her resolve was no momentary impulse was quite evident, for, from the moment that she started, she never once turned back, but paddled steadily for that distant island which I could see rising like a cloud from the sea, and whence had ascended that column of smoke which so much puzzled my ideas.

Unable to bear the sight of the fast-fading canoe—oh, had I but known of its existence!—I turned away to return toward my cave, communing with myself as I went, in silent and speechless agony.

Why had she come a second time to seek me out, and to fill my imagination with hope and joy, if she had no special

object? And why, having come evidently on purpose across that large expanse of water, had she returned, leaving me abandoned and alone? There must have been some motive for all this which no suppositions of mine could fathom, or she must be guided by that feminine failing, caprice, a fault with which, even in my anger, I scarcely felt inclined to charge her, of all created beings.

My cave once reached, my anger was vented on the faithful dogs, who had remained behind, rat-hunting. I drove them from me with rage, unable to bear the sight of any living thing. Then I went to my brandy-keg, and took a large quantity of the spirit, though now it was nearly exhausted; which, however, instead of filling me with consolation, only added to my misery by inflaming my already too ardent imagination.

Presently, however, it procured me sleep, which did certainly refresh me much. When I awoke with something of an aching brow, it was my first endeavor to arrange and calm my thoughts. My poor father used to say that there is only one remedy for sorrow, only one means by which grief can be allayed, and that is, an occupation both of the body and the mind; and I lived to know that my father was right.

Now, during my wild-goose chase after the Indian girl, and during my illness, my domestic animals had been neglected. I had, also, forgotten to garner my harvest. Rousing myself to a conviction of the necessity for action, I arose from the ground, whistled to my dogs, which came bounding to me as if nothing had happened, and took my way toward the valley of the gazelles.

Every thing there was in proper order. The gazelles, however, were very wild, while the ostriches stalked about with an air of ludicrous gravity most amusing to behold. Entering within the inclosure, which required some slight repairs, the cause of the wildness of the gazelles became at once evident to me. Some savage beast had been there. A large gazelle, the mother of the whole party, lay panting on the ground in the agonies of death.

I clutched my gun, and looked around. But nothing was to be seen. No doubt the beast, whatever it was, had been scared away by the barking of my dogs.

What was to be done? I could not allow my pen to be destroyed in this way. Besides, my mind was in such a mood, that action was above all things necessary to me, and no action could be of a more exciting nature than the destruction of the savage prowler, which had dared to attack my flocks.

Looking around, a plan occurred to me, which at once was put into operation. Close to the fold into which, by the aid of my dogs, the gazelles had been driven, was a steep and rugged ascent, leading to the summit of a sort of cliff. But it was evident that on that side it could not be climbed. I at once, after dragging the dead gazelle close to the fold, left the valley with my dogs.

The way I took was one which had never been followed by me before. Generally, my road lay through the valley, or to its right. Now I took to the left, and after considerable toil and difficulty ascended to the summit of the cliff. More and more was I surprised at the difference exhibited by the two extremities of my island. Here were blackened and bare lava rocks, steep volcanic ridges, gorges, and irregular truncated cones, the work of old out-breaking fires; these, with abrupt, jagged precipices, grizzly or grass grown, faced the sea, while directly in the shore were a few lank cocoa-nut trees, with crowns of scanty, fan-like branches.

I hurried along, however, without much close remark, until I found myself in such a position as to command a view of the pen, in which my gazelles were huddled in a corner, evidently not yet recovered from their fright. Placing my dogs behind me, and motioning to the faithful animals to be quiet, I laid down flat on my face, and watched. As I did so, my eyes fell upon the valley generally, which appeared to me somewhat less fertile than I could have wished. This set me thinking, and combined with the somewhat lean appearance of the gazelles, determined me to endeavor to make it more productive.

A very large patch was almost without grass, but it seemed to me that if the soil were turned up just before the rainy season, and some of the numerous grass seeds which abounded on the island cast therein, the result would be satisfactory.

But this was a matter for future consideration. What was now to be done was to destroy the enemy of my flock. A movement of terror from my gazelles warned me to be ready. A hasty glance from the summit of the cliff at once revealed the mystery.

About fifty yards from the pen, a number of rocks, falling by accident in a fantastic and odd manner, had made a small cave, from which now issued with stealthy and slow step a very large specimen of the hyena tribe. Its eyes were cast about in all directions except upward. It glanced to the right and left, then behind, then forward, until it seemed convinced that the coast was clear.

Then it came on, not boldly, not with a spring, but in the same sneaking and cautious way it had commenced its approaches. In two minutes, however, it was close to the still warm body of the gazelle. I had

long been ready, and just as the marauder thought himself sure of his prey, fired. It was impossible to restrain my dogs after this, so, leaping to my feet, I prepared to support them. Down the almost perpendicular rocks they bounded in pursuit. They had not far to go. The hyena had received his death-wound; for, instead of fleeing, as is the nature of the beast, he turned to fight.

But the contest was short. The bullet had gone right through him just by the joint of his hind leg, and when the dog and she-wolf flew at his neck, he fell over helpless and overcome.

Not caring to witness the conclusion of a combat which was already decided, I turned away to explore the neighborhood. It was new to me, and, in my present mood, novelty was one of those things which I chiefly coveted. Any thing to drive away thought, to make me forget the terrible loss I had experienced, the blank which filled my heart.

Probably Adam in Paradise might have been happy alone had the woman not been created, but once having seen her, solitude must have been too awful to bear.

For myself, I doubt if solitude is to be endured under any circumstances whatever. Taking my way down toward the shore, I soon found myself near the sea, in a spot which was not familiar to me.

Standing on the summit of a cliff, about twenty feet above the level of the raging sea, which on this side always was in motion, boiling and seething probably since time was, I was able to take a fair view of the shore for a considerable distance to my right and left.

There was at all events one subject of attraction, and that was a number of albatrosses, variously occupied. Some were flying about; others engaged in fishing; others sitting on small, solitary rocks alone, evidently hatching.

I watched these birds with interest, and bethought me of all I could remember hearing of them. As my father had told me, their motion through space was most easy and graceful. In storms or calms, once raised upon their broad pinions, you never see them flutter, but away they sail, self-propelled, as natural as we breathe. A motion of the head or the slight curl of a wing served to turn them. It was just like that motion through space which we sometimes conceive in dreams.

Men call the eagle the king of birds, but surely this is the queen—for queen-like and stately is her course upon the wing, and dignified, mild and unfearing her expression when captured (as she often is, with a hook baited with pork and blubber, and a piece of wood for a float). But I never did it, for a reason presently to be explained. Yes! from that hour I could have cried with the poet,—

"We had done a hellish thing,
And it would work us woe:
Stern fate avenged we had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow."
"Ah, wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!"

The eye of the albatross is full, bright and expressive, like that of the gazelle; the head and neck large, but admirably proportioned; the feathers, either a pure white or delicately penciled and speckled, except on the upper side of the wings, which are mostly black. There is, too, an expression of pathos and intelligence about the eye which is singularly attractive. They sometimes weigh twenty pounds, and have twelve feet stretch of wing.

It sits on the water light and graceful as a swan, and will dive under, like a hawk or pelican, for something discovered by its keen eye beneath the surface. When it is about to rise on the wing, it has positively to tread the water for a long way, like a running ostrich, before it can get the proper momentum and soar aloft; but once it is fairly up, and its pinions quite free, it cleaves the air with exceeding swiftness, and skims the waves like the smallest swallow, with perfect ease and grace.

It flies against, as well as before, the wind. It enjoys the calm, and sports in the sunbeams on the glassy wave; but its revel is the storm, when it darts its arrowy way before the fury of the tempest. It is now in its proper element, and seems to delight in breasting and mocking the surges of the mighty sea.

It feeds on small marine animals, multitudinous zoophytes, the spawn of fish; but its chief delight is whales' blubber. When breeding, the female flies to some inaccessible rock or lonely spot of ground, lays seldom more than one egg, and builds a nest around that. All this time the male watches and tends her with great assiduity, bringing her the daintiest morsels from the deep.

From its often choosing the same places of breeding as the penguin, the albatross is thought to have a peculiar affection for that amphibious creature, and is supposed to take pleasure in its society. Their nests are continually to be seen together on rocks and small uninhabited islands. The albatross generally raises its nest on a hill-lock of heath, sticks and long grass, about two feet high, and round this the penguins, in a circle, make their lower settlements in burrowed holes in the ground, commonly eight penguins to one albatross.

But it is useless putting off the narration of one of the most wonderful adventures which ever happened to me during the whole of my adventurous career—a circumstance almost without parallel. I should think, in the history of any man.

The sea came, I have said, to the very foot of the cliff on which I was now reclining. Somewhat tired with my day's journey, my gun had been laid on one side, with every thing which was a burden and a restraint. After gazing some time at the scene below, at the tossing waves, the grand horizon, and watching with interest the movements of the birds, a feverish thirst came upon me. Now I was well aware that no water could be found nearer than the valley. I was not inclined to walk through the burning sun in search of a drink, but thought I would quench my thirst with a few raw eggs.

To reach these much-coveted dainties it was necessary to make a long circuit, or to descend the steep cliff, and swim a few yards to where there was a slanting piece of ground, with many albatrosses and penguins. The cliff was steep, but there were many projections as well as holes to plant my feet; so the determination was no sooner come to than it was carried into effect.

Planting my feet firmly on a small ledge, I began crawling down the side of the rock. It was no easy task, but my many feats made things easy to me now, which, in days gone by, would have been simply impossible. I was about half-way down, when suddenly I found that the face of the cliff was giving way under my weight, and before I could cling to the rock above, I glided down, and fell into the boiling waves. In an instant I was carried out by the tide and the receding waves.

I knew that my strength was not equal to any long battling with the raging waters, so at once hurriedly glanced round to measure the distance I had to go. The rock was already more than twenty feet distant. But it was useless to make any efforts in that direction. My only chance of safety was to swim as rapidly as I could for the low beach to the right.

It was a fearful task. The waves hissed, boiled and roared in my ears with a fearful din, the current swept against my legs, and impeded my advance, and then—horrible to relate—I felt a sinking faintness come over me, of the most horrible description. Besides, there was a despairing sensation as of coming inevitable death. Behind me was a small rock which I might reach; but what then? It would be harder to swim ashore from that spot than from where I was.

Again my feet were brought into play, again my arms were exerted with what little strength remained, but in vain. Not a step was made in advance. The sea ran stronger and stronger every minute, and there was nothing to be done but yield to the boiling waves and die.

So young! That morning so full of hope, of happiness, and life—in sight of the shore—within a short distance of home—with a blue, smiling sky above, and an element beneath which usually was easy enough to control.

At this moment a cloud passed over my head, and a huge albatross—evidently suspecting me of some improper intentions with regard to its mate, which was sitting on a nest close at hand—coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached, and made a swoop at me to strike my head. I raised my hands mechanically, and, in my desperate strait, seized the bird, which began struggling violently to get free. But I held fast, determined, like any other dying man, to catch at a straw rather than nothing. Next minute my feet touched ground—the next I was rolling on the soft and sandy slope by the sea—saved by an albatross!

My astonishment, bewilderment, as well as gratitude, may be conceived.

The fact is, that in my struggles I had made for the slanting beach in a kind of sideway, so that at the moment of my clutching the huge bird in my agony, I was not more than a few feet out of my depth. However this may be, it was the albatross that saved me, and from that hour until the day of my death never did the thought of killing one enter my head.

The fatigue and exhaustion of my terrible struggle was such that I lay exhausted quite half an hour. My frame had received a great shock, and when I rose to my feet it was with the firm conviction that another fit of illness was about to visit me, when I was alone. This reflection made me feel doubly the departure of Pabina, my comfort, my consolation, my nurse.

Then as, in my desolation, I strolled toward the interior of the island, after wetting my parched and feverish lips with the yolk of an egg, the idea flashed across my mind, that she had only left me to communicate with her friends, and that she would shortly return in their company. This idea so affected me that I was compelled to sit down in order to recover myself.

In this way the valley was regained, after a long *detour* to fetch my gun.

Then calling off my dogs from their feast on the gazelle, I slowly returned to my solitary cavern, there to spend the night.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—The modest maiden, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

THE CROQUET QUEEN.

A WARNING TO CROQUETTES AGAINST COQUETTES.

You may talk about skating, and sleighing, and dancing, Proclaim the delights of the rod and the gun; Of the ride through the park upon steed gayly prancing.

The row on the lake until daylight is done; Praise the sports of the land, and the water, each one—

The bath by the beach, or the yacht on the sea— But of all the sweet pleasures known under the sun, A "good" game of Croquet's the sweetest to me.

To make it a good one there needs a good ground; The grass closely cut and the turfs smoothly rolled; The mallets well balanced; the balls thorough round; And the bridges set square, with true distances told.

The players close matched—about four to a side— Four sweet gifts for partners, or not less than three;

All playing in earnest—no trifling aside— In the croquet arena, no flirting should be.

For nowhere is flirting with such peril fraught— Not even in dancing is danger like this.

Ah! well I remember myself getting caught At a croquetting match, by a croquetting miss!

They called her the "Croquet Queen," "Je ne sais quoi!"

There were in the arena good players as she, But something about her—a look that gave law—

Ere the game was half ended she "queened" it o'er me.

Her figure was faultless—nor tall, nor petite— Her skirt barely touched the top lace of her boot:

I've seen in my time some remarkable feet, But never one equaling that little foot.

Its *tournaire* was perfect, from ankle to toe— Besides never had such a model for art—

No arrow so sharp ever shot Cupid's bow: When poised on the ball it seemed pressing your heart.

It crushed more than one, as I sadly remember— A dream at least in the sweet month of May— And long ere the season had reached to September,

It numbered of victims a dozen a day. As one on the list you won't wonder, I ween,

That I warn you 'gainst flirting while playing this game!

You may meet, as did I, some fair croquetting queen, Who will croquet your heart, till it feels all aflame!

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A MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He's gone, and I don't care,
I'm sure I did not love him;
How well he was aware
I thought but little of him!
And yet we have been friends,
He might have shaken hands.
A lover loving long,
We're apt soon to get tired of,
And flirting isn't wrong,
With one you are admired of;
But then I don't see why
He didn't say good-by.
I gave him back his rings,
And he returned my letters—
Ah, false, deceitful things,
That dared to breathe of fetters!
And yet I've half a mind
To think he was unkind.
He called me cold and proud,
And turned away in sadness,
I laughed a little aloud,
And smote him with my gladness;
Yet while his tears were starting
He might have kissed me parting.
He crossed the lonely moor,
And I stood looking after,
His words were in my ears,
And on the wind my laughter;
Yet never once did he
Turn round to look at me.
I shall not see him more,
Though long I shall be living,
I might have been more true,
He might have been forgiving;
He loved me like a brother—
And—and I can't love another.

The Night-Hawks' Swoop.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

NEAR the right bank of one of our trapping rivers of the great Northwest, stood the cabin-home of Carlos Cromer. He was a middle-aged and iron-willed man, and in every way suited to his precarious occupation—trapping river animals and hunting the wolf.

He usually went out upon his hunts unattended, leaving his cabin and contents to the care of his son, Sebastian, who was assisted by his sister Inez, and two huge dogs. Though the country was infested with desperate outlaws, Carlos' home had escaped pillage. In consequence of his escape, he grew careless, and remained away longer than had been his wont.

"It is useless for you to remain up so late, children," he said one day, as he was about to depart upon a wolf-hunt. "The night-hawks have not attacked us, and I do not think they ever will. They do not know when I am absent, and they dread my old rifle. Therefore, darlings, build a good fire at dark, and go to sleep, leaving Tiger and Lion to guard you."

Then he kissed his children, and they saw him disappear among the trees.

By and by the deeper shades gathered upon the snow, and, in a short time, the cabin was wrapped in almost palpable gloom.

The trapper's children, ever ready to obey their parent, built a good fire on the rude hearth, and sought their couches in one corner of the apartment.

They were young. Sebastian was entering his seventeenth year, with a headless face and girlish features, and Inez, with her faultless form and golden hair, was one year her brother's junior. Their mother had left them to the sole care of their father, when they were yet babes, and taken her departure to the home of the blest.

Their first recollections were of the building of their present home near a turbid stream, the howl of the ferocious wolf by day, the ominous hoot of the great gray owl by night. Thus, in that wild spot, they grew to mature years, loved by a kind but adventurous father, and loving him.

The apartment in which the trapper's children slept was immediately in the rear of another, into which opened the front door of the cabin. This front room contained but few articles of furniture, for it was used for drying the skins of the animals slain by Carlos. Here slept the dogs, and the strong door was held shut by bars of iron.

Almost immediately after touching his hard pillow, the night of which we write, Sebastian fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened about midnight by a growl from the dogs.

He arose to a sitting posture, and was yet rubbing his eyes when he heard a rap on the front door. Rising, he grasped a rifle, and unbolting the inner door joined the somewhat excited house.

"Be quiet, Lion, Tiger," he said in a low voice, and immediately the brutes crouched at his feet.

For a minute he remained silent, when, hearing a footstep outside, he asked: "Who's there?"

"They have heard us, Dan," he heard some one say, as though addressing a companion. "I shall die if they don't open the door soon."

A prominent trait in Sebastian's character was pity, and when he thought that a human being might be dying, he sprang to the door and laid his hands on the bars. He did not think what might come of admitting strange men in the absence of his father.

"Who talks of dying?" he asked, as he began to remove the iron.

"Me, Rubie Holden, an honest trapper," was the reply. "We missed the path in this accursed snow, and we happened to run against your shanty. Say, won't you let us in? We will lay on the floor and sleep till morning."

The speaker's imploring voice hastened the removal of the bars, and presently two men stepped into the room.

The next moment Sebastian half regretted his hospitable actions, for the men were the roughest looking specimens of the Caucasian race he had ever seen. They were armed, and dressed in faded and torn hunting-suits.

Tiger, the largest of the hounds, would undoubtedly have sprung upon the men, who looked like night-hawks—as the outlaws of the North-west are often called—had not Sebastian struck him and bade him be quiet.

"You've got a pair of good dogs," said one of the men, involuntarily shrinking from Tiger.

"Yes," answered Sebastian; "they do not like strangers."

"That is because they do not see them often. But where are you going to let us sleep, boy?"

"In this room. You can build a fire on the hearth here, and pass the night quite comfortably."

The young man's answer did not please the men, for they darted covetous looks through the door into the room beyond, which was lighted up by a flickering fire on the hearth.

"Any thing will suit us, boy," said one. "We will soon be sleeping like posts. But first, we would trouble you for a firebrand from your hearth."

As Sebastian turned to comply with the request, one of the men drew two pieces of meat from his bosom and tossed them to the dogs. The animals snuffed the poisoned meat and swallowed it. In the dim light the couple exchanged satisfactory glances.

Presently Sebastian returned with a brand which he handed to one of the men, and then re-entered the sleeping-apartment followed by the hounds. He closed the door after him, but forgot to bar it, and stepped to his sister's couch.

She was sleeping calmly, and, after contemplating her angelic face, he replenished the fire and threw himself down to rest.

The hounds, which had lain down by the hearth, suddenly arose, and, to Sebastian's astonishment, walked across the room to an iron basin, and lapped of its contents.

"What is the matter with the dogs?" muttered the youngster. "Surely they can not be snake-bitten."

The contents of the basin was an antidote for poisons, and it had been placed there by the trapper that the hounds could have almost immediate access to it when bitten by poisonous reptiles.

Sebastian noticed that the animals lapped up a great deal of the decoction, and he began to think that all was not right.

Acting upon a hurriedly-formed plan, he sprang from his couch and took two rifles from pins fastened in the chimney above the fireplace. Then he seated himself upon a wooden stool and examined the priming. His movements did not disturb the dogs; they lay as motionless as blocks of stone.

By and by Sebastian became drowsy, and so gently did sleep steal upon him that he did not resist, but laid the rifles on the floor at his side and entered the land of dreams.

As the moments flitted over the head of the sleeper, the dogs rose to crouch at their master's feet and go to sleep again.

But, while brother and sister slept, the rough men in the other room were wide awake.

"I tell you she's all-fired good-lookin'."



THE NIGHT-HAWKS' SWOOP.

said one, in a low, nasal tone. "I saw her at Fort Shandy with her father a year ago. She must be purtier now than she was then. I wonder what old Carlos will say when he comes home. Won't that be wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth?"

"But what are we going to do with the boy?" asked the other. "We don't want to take him along."

"Of course we don't. Why we'll just stick a knife into him, and let out some of the cursed Cromer blood."

"I'll tend to him," said the one called Dan, in a preceding paragraph. "My knife hasn't done any thing worth speaking of since it let out old Malden's blood."

"Old Malden" was the name of a man who had been treacherously assassinated four months prior to the opening of our story. He was a trapper, and the object of the murder was his many valuable pelts.

"I think it time to begin work," said the night-hawk who had spoken about Inez. "The dogs are dead by this time. Every thing is quiet, and I expect they are dreaming about their wolf-hunter parent. It is a good shake for us that the boy didn't rebar the door."

One of the outlaws crawled to the door, and applied his ear to a crevice. He listened a moment, and then returned to his companion, assuring him that the inmates of the other room were buried in a deep slumber.

"Come, Rubie, let's make the break," said Dan, impatiently. "I am itching to get the girl, and to bear her to the night-hawks' nest. You manage the boy, and I'll take care of the girl."

They noiselessly advanced to the door, and listened before they touched it. Dan was now unarmed, but Rubie clutched the horn handle of a knife in his right hand.

Satisfied that the doves were sleeping, the night-hawks opened the door by degrees and stepped into the room.

The first object that met their gaze was Sebastian asleep on the stool.

"The dogs are dead," said Rubie, in the lowest of whispers. "I will finish the boy before he wakes."

He had put his right foot forward, when one of the dogs uttered a low growl, and the next instant the boy was awake. He started at seeing the two night-hawks before him, and they, in turn, were thunderstruck at beholding the dogs alive.

Instinctively they shrunk from the sharp teeth and fierce looks of the hounds, which dared them to approach.

It took Sebastian but a single moment to fathom the designs of the outlaws, and

quick as thought he grasped one of the rifles and sprang to his feet.

The hounds crouched like panthers for a spring, and awaited their master's command.

Desperate and hardened as the men were, they quailed before the flashing eyes of the trapper's son.

"Your mission is one of murder," said Sebastian, firmly. "I did not think that our roof would ever shelter vipers, especially such despicable ones as I see before me. Shame rest upon you for venturing to attack with murderous intent, children whose father is not near to protect them. I grant you two minutes in which to depart."

For near a minute the baffled night-hawks glared venomously at the boy, when Rubie put forth his clenched hand to give emphasis to coming words. He was about to speak, when, with a growl, Tiger leaped forward and buried his teeth in the unprotected throat. The brave dog thought that the outlaw was going to attack Sebastian.

Rube tried to kill Tiger, and at last he succeeded in driving his knife into a vital spot. The dog fell to the floor, and the outlaw followed him, his blood gushing from his terrible wounds in a stream. The attack and bustle occupied scarcely a minute, but awakened Inez, who was terrified at the exciting drama that was being enacted.

Dan saw her, and the desire to possess her overcame all prudent actions. He was suddenly seized with the belief that he could vanquish Sebastian and Lion.

Instantly maturing his plans, he darted forward. His rashness was his doom, for Lion sprang at his throat, and a ball from Sebastian's rifle entered his brain.

The battle was over. The swoop of the night-hawks upon the dove-cote had resulted fatally to them. Their bodies were dragged into the front room, and the next day Sebastian buried them beneath the ice that covered the river.

When old Carlos returned, his children told him about the night-hawks, and, kneeling upon the snow, he thanked God that he was not childless.

The trio still live in the great North-west, but since the occurrence of the scenes related above, they have not been attacked by the night-hawks.

JOHN A. THON.—If you are studying to be an attorney, be careful that the law be not only your profession but your practice. Your own case may be hard and your terms may be brief.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Death Shot.

BILLY WILSON took his pipe out of his mouth, and favored Old Pete with a grin.

"I don't know as I can tell you such a buxster as that old cuss there has given you, boys. I ain't seen so many grizzlies as he have, if I am an old mountain man; but I tell you, what it is, I manage to make my stumps go further nor he can, when I get on a buxster. As for his Dona Rosita, I used to know her well at Houston, she was the homeliest. Howsomer, if Pete chooses to throw away his money on her, 'tain't none o' my business."

"Oh, fire away, ye 'tarnal, long-winded old cuss!" cried Pete. "You're worse nor a seven-year itch, with yer palaver. Let's have your story."

"Well, Pete, keep cool and I'll do it. I can tell the boys somethin' as 'll interest them, if 'tain't about grizzlies. I do remember Little Gilmore, Pete."

"Remember him! Guess I do. He as got shot by the Vigilance Committee at last."

"Yes, that's the fellow. Well, boys, you don't remember him, of course; for 'twas afore your time, but Little Gilmore was the hardest case in all Texas in them days. He'd killed more men than c'er a desperado in them parts."

"They called him Little Gilmore, and he was a little cuss. Not over five feet two I should say, and had a voice as soft as a woman's, and a face like a doll-baby's a'most, he looked so innocent. He used to wear his hair all curlin' down his back, and a little mustash, so that I swear he looked like a play-actor. He allers dressed like the Greasers, and you know what a sight o' toggery they hev, what with gold buttons, and lace, and velver, and sich like."

"All the wimmin used to be in love with him right off, he was such a pretty little cuss, an' when they knew who he was, they were worse than ever after him. They were most o' the time. An' I tell you 'twas a fine sight to see that little feller playin' bluff with big fellers, that looked big enough to eat him up. He used to keep so cool and so lim up, so that the old fellers kinder let their voices drop an' got perlitte too. But I tell you that a whole room-full of them couldn't scare Little Gilmore. I used to like the little cuss, he was so darned gritty."

"Mr. Wilson," he used to say sometimes, 'all those men hate me, and many of them would be only too glad to get into a fight with me, if I went unarmed—and why shouldn't they? they'd run no danger—but here's equality for you, Mr. Wilson, here's equality!' and he'd tap his revolver, that he always wore in his belt, and smile while he said it."

"I remember one night bein' at a fandango. 'Jist sich a one as Pete there told ye of jest now. Little Gilmore's gal was a real Mexican lady, and she worshipped the very ground he walked on. There was a big feller there that belonged to the Mounted Rifles, at the fort close by. His name was Bill Atkins. He was a terrible hard fighter himself, and the bully of the garrison. He used to kinder look down at Little Gilmore, but I believe he hated him. Anyway, his gal got into a muss with Little Gilmore's gal, jist as Pete's Rosita did with the other, and first thing I know'd, I seed that big brute Atkins shove the poor little senorita back, almost knockin' her down."

"Afore any one could do a thing, Little Gilmore had jumped up to the big cuss, and plumped a pistol up, right close to his head."

"How dare you do that?" says he, with his eyes flashin'."

"I'll give Atkins the credit to say he showed spunk."

"Why, you little puke," says he, lookin' down, "would you shoot an unarmed man?"

"Little Gilmore put down his pistol in a minute."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Atkins," says he, as perlitte as could be; "but you're very foolish to come to a fandango unarmed."

"He said no more, and Atkins looked ashamed of himself; the more so as all the fellers in the room said as he'd done a rude thing to a lady. Even the soldiers were ag'in him for once."

"But he kept a spite against Little Gilmore ever after."

"Howsomer, they didn't meet for sum time, for Atkins' company was ordered out next day after Comanches, and he went with 'em."

"Little Gilmore kept on at San Antonio, where all this happened. He'd been uncommon quiet for some time, he was so much taken up with Dolores, as his gal was called. He hadn't had a duel now for nigh on six months, and folks said he was goin' to quit gamblin', and start for a lawyer. He was a smart little cuss I tell you, and could talk a streak, and he'd a' made a bully lawyer."

"So things went on till the summer was over, and the soldiers cum back to the fort for winter quarters."

"Little Gilmore had grown so quiet that he'd left off wearin' a pistol, and he seemed to 'a' forgotten all about Atkins. One night I'd jist come in from a long tramp on the plains, and I'd laid myself out for a good old-fashioned tear."

"I thort I'd go in and take a horn at Mike Sweeney's, as kept the principal bar of the place."

"The first feller I seed 'tard was Little Gilmore. He was readin' a paper and looked quite quiet. I was orful glad to see him, and we shuk hands and tuk a drink."

"I allers drinks old rye myself, straight, but Little Gilmore he calls for a sherry-cobbler, and commences suckin' away. Afore he'd taken three pulls, in walks Bill Atkins and a couple o' friends."

"Now we'll have a time, thinks I, for I saw Bill had on his revolver, and from the way his big black beard was a bustlin', I seed he was mad as a hobtail bull in fly-time."

"I looked at Little Gilmore. He was a-suckin' away as cool as a cucumber. I couldn't help gloupin' in the little cuss's spunk."

"His face never changed a muscle, although I knew he had no pistol with him."

"He turned round and sot the tumbler on the counter, as if nothin' had happened. There was a smart little boy around the bar-room, as knew Little Gilmore well, and I seed him beckon to the young one."

"Fetch me my pistols," says he, quick and low, so that no one but me heard him. The boy nodded and vamoosed."

"I couldn't for the life o' me tell, and I can't tell to this day, why Bill Atkins didn't shoot Gilmore while he was unarmed. Praps he was ashamed to do it."

"Anyhow he didn't say any thing to Gilmore, and he and his friends came up and took drinks at the bar. Little Gilmore saunters to a table close by, and sits down with me, as quiet as if nothin' was the matter. He called for some more drinks and cigars, and no one would 'a' thought any thing was the matter, if he hadn't known. But every one in the place knew well enough that there was 'il blood between the two, and presently it broke out."

"The boy come runnin' in with a pair of Derringers, and hands them to Gilmore. As soon as Atkins saw him a-comin' in, he drew his revolver and pointed at Gilmore."

"Drop them pistols," he shouted, and fired. As Gilmore grabbed the pistols he ducked under the table, and Atkins missed him. Little Gilmore jumped up with a pistol in

each hand, and fired back—blim! at Atkins. He missed his head, but sent his hat a-flyin' and smashed the looking-glass behind him. Atkins tried to cock his revolver again, but one of the chambers stuck, and he couldn't get it round. Then he showed the white feather for the first time, and well he might, for Gilmore had another pistol. He turned and run. Little Gilmore fired a second shot, and hit him somewhere I guess, and then threw the pistol after him. And I'm darned if the little cuss didn't begin to laugh, as if 'twas all fun."

"I tell you, boys, he was game to the backbone."

"Well, Wilson," says he, 'they won't let me live peaceable here, and by—they shall repent it. Let's take another drink. I'll shoot that Atkins on sight to-morrow.'

"He sent the boy round for his revolvers and put them on."

"Next day he saw Atkins in the street, and made for him. Atkins drew his pistol and fired first, but missed, and Little Gilmore shot him through the heart."

"Then there was a to-do. There had been a lot of murders, but now the soldiers were all up, to revenge Atkins. Little Gilmore had to put. He left San Antonio, but the Regulators got after him, and took him prisoner after a hard fight. He shot four men dead, and wounded two more, and would 'a' got off safe, when a feller drew a bead on him with a rifle, and shot him through the body."

"Then they got him at last. He fainted from loss of blood, for the ball had gone plumb through the lungs. They put him on a horse, strapped him in the saddle, and started to bring him back to San Antonio to hang him."

"They had to stop for the night at a ranche, and Little Gilmore was put to bed."

"They didn't iron him. He was too weak to stand. So they put a fellow by the bedside to watch him, and all the rest left him asleep."

"The feller who was to be guard kept awake till it was time to call the relief, and then went out. He found the other fellows in the next room, and three on 'em were playing cards. He told 'em 'twas time to relieve him, and they were going back, when who should they see but Little Gilmore himself, as pale as a ghost, and in his shirt, which was all bloody, a-standin' in the doorway with a revolver in his hand."

"The stupid fool of a guard had left his revolver on a table in the room, thinkin' the prisoner asleep and dying. Little Gilmore had crawled out of bed, and got hold of the pistol, and there he was."

"You dogs," says he, 'you can kill me, but I'll have revenge! and with that he pops over one of the fellows, before he could say 'George Washington.'

"Then they had it hot. Blim! blim! blim! went the pistols, and when the smoke cleared away at last, there was three more dead men on the floor, and poor Little Gilmore falling forward, shot through the brain."

"Poor little cuss! I was mortal sorry for him if he was a gambler. And I tell ye what, boys, I've seed brave men and good fighters in my time, but I never in all my life met the like of Little Gilmore for grit. He was a whole team and a horse to spare, and I do believe if they'd left him alone, he might 'a' died in his bed."

"That's all, boys."

"We were all silent for a while till the Englishman spoke."

"He was a brave fellow, that, Wilson."

"He was nothing else, Sir John. Who tells the next story?"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to," said Charley Weston. "and I'll let you have the first panther I killed."

"A painter!" echoed Pete Wilkins; "them ain't nuthin' to kill."

"Mine was a pretty hard one," said dandy Charley, quietly, "as you shall hear if you'll listen."

"We all composed ourselves to attention."

Beat Time's Notes.

It is not the man who takes the most draughts that makes the best draughtsmen, by several feet.

MONEY, like umbrellas, should be laid away for a rainy day. It is a balance in which you will not be found wanting.

WANTED, a life-partner in a matrimonial business, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. She must have grace, plenty, be pretty and dainty, trustful and twenty. To such a party, who has no widowed mother, or other poor relations, a fair opportunity is offered, provided she will allow me to manage the business entirely. No nagurs need apply.

The Patent Galvanic Watch Company wishes to inform buyers that their watches keep better time and more of it than any other watch of spurious manufacture. They will warrant their watches to run, no matter how bad the roads are, or what is the state of the weather.

It is a very desirable thing for a present, as it is so cheap. It always tells what hour it will be long before that hour arrives, and points to any hour you wish to get up in the night—if you will only get up and look at it. Its main qualities depend on the *leaves* her alone. It tells with unerring accuracy when it is night, and you can almost always tell when it is day by looking at it, and also when Sunday comes, in case you live in such a remote part of the city that they can't *observe* it. It tells you softly how much you owe, and what other people say of you. It is as necessary as a rattle-box in the nursery, and is easily regulated by a box of pills.

The ocean is like a clothesline because it reaches from pole to pole.

A SNARLING tone in a newspaper is the whine of the press.

THE double-action fish-hook, like a splinter, is the finest thing out. It is a regular *catch* in more senses of the word than one. It works to perfection. All you have to do is to put the hook through the upper jaw of the fish, and then take a hammer and a small stone and clinch it. The fish may struggle but can not get away; you can then place it in your basket and serve the next fish the same way, straightening out the hook. It is as sure as the mumps or the measles.

ANY young man, by sending the color of his coat, the height of his hat, the age of his boots, and the day on which he was last thrashed, and one dollar, for security, will receive a picture of his wife or somebody else. Write plainly, and be sure of the dollar, as I am not so particular of any thing else.

BEAT TIME.